

NEW YORK Saturday Evening Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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Vol. IX.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00; one copy, one year, \$2.00; Two copies, one year, \$3.00)

No. 451

ROSES AND DREAMS.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

The roses of summer are dying;
Round me the red leaves fall
Whenever the wind comes sighing
Over the garden wall.
A blood-red rain on the grasses,
A waft of faint perfume,
And the winds can chant their maases
O'er the summer roses' tomb.
When the day seems long and lonely,
And the sky is gray and cold,
And the wind's wail I hear only,
I feel so old, so old!
And I think that the hopes so tender,
The beautiful dreams so frail,
Drop like the roses' splendor
In the breath of the autumn gale.
Roses, oh, beautiful roses,
You are not more frail and fair
Than the dreams of the dying summer,
Or the hopes of June-time were.
Die with the last bright sunshine
Of a day that has been most sweet,
Oh, beautiful, beautiful roses,
And dreams so fair and fleet.
Die, but we shall not forget you
When the summer-time is done,
We shall feel the spell of dreaming
When the rose-time is begun.
A wind of tender fragrance
Shall blow from the years that passed,
And though roses and dreams are ended,
They will haunt us to the last.

A Wild Girl; OR, LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRETT AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WILLFUL KITTY KANELL.

There's a little heroine, too,
Whom each chapter leaves more pale.

OVER THE MARCHING.

"THERE! glory! I wonder what papa will say to that! Ha, ha!" triumphantly.
Kitty Kanell stood sideways before the long pier glass in her dressing-room, and turning her fair little head looked with great satisfaction at the image she saw reflected there. That image was clothed in a dark-blue silk with a string of pearls about the dazzling white neck. Kitty had always had plenty of silk dresses—the novelty of this one was the long train which swept back on the carpet giving her an air of young ladyhood which she had long sighed for; and now, for the first time attained. Her father had given her money a week ago to buy herself a new dress for her sixteenth birthday; she had given orders to the dressmaker directly opposed to his wishes—since he had no idea of his wild daughter coming out for a couple of years yet—and she stood before the mirror triumphant in guilty joy.

Kitty's eyes were almost as dark as blue as her dress, and looked out from under their long lashes as bright and innocent as two woodland springs from their fringing grasses. Her light-brown hair was alive with flickering gleams of gold on every curve of its wavy masses. She had a little rosy, pouting mouth, pink cheeks and a petite figure.

"It's just too becoming for anything! It makes me look four inches taller, doesn't it, Eliza?"

"Sure an' it does! Ye've awful swate in it, Miss Kitty; but, what'll yer fayther say?"

"I can't help what he says! Papa is an old fogey! He will believe I am nothing but a baby till I'm thirty, if I allow him to have his own way. I've been dying to get into trains for the last year. And now, Eliza, listen to me: I'm going to that party to-night, if he hangs me for it to-morrow! I shall pretend to go to bed early—by nine o'clock—and I shall come to my room and papa will go to his; and he and Patrick will lock up the house; then you and I will slip down in our stocking-feet; you will open the basement door and look it after us; we will put on our shoes in the area and then you will see me safe around the corner into the house of my dear friend, Lilia Bayard; then you can stay with her maid until I am ready to come home."

"I'll lose my place if Mr. Kanell hears of it, Miss Kitty. Sure, I was to kape an eye on you—that was my first dooty."

"And how can you 'kape an eye' on me, Eliza, unless you come along with me—for I'm going, if I have to go alone."

"Indeed, thin, I c'dn't permit that."

"Then it's settled. I'm bound to go. Pray, where is the harm? The Bayards are as nice as the Kanells; their house is only a block away, and Lilia's mother has given her the party. It's mean and cruel for papa to keep me shut up the way he does! He would like me to lead the life of a hermit. One would think I had to be caged, like a lunatic! I'm going to have lots and lots of fun this winter! I'm going out every night. I'll throw my Greek grammar in Miss Parseley's face; I'll burn up every Mental Philosophy they bring in this house! The idea of a young lady, with half a million in her own right, being kept at Greek and things, as if she was going to become a musty-fusty professor! It's all Miss Parseley's doings—she puts it into papa's head, so as to keep her position here; but I know enough, Eliza, and too much already! I can sing like Nilsson, and I'm not going to drum on the piano three hours a day. When people want to hear me sing they must find somebody to play my accompaniments. I've made up my mind to have a gay time and I'm bound to have it! So! you are to obey me, Eliza—do all you can to help me—and if you're a good girl you'll get your wages doubled out of my pocket money, and lots of perquisites in the way of cast-off ribbons and dresses. It will pay you to stick to my interests. I'm not going to live like a pris-



"I do look scrum, that's a fact. Now, Eliza, unlock the door very softly and reconnoiter."

oner. Well, I have jolly times, both of us. There! that's papa's latch-key in the door now. I wonder what he will say when I come down to dinner in this dress!"

Kitty, having come to an end of her speech for the want of breath, took another long look at herself in the mirror, while Eliza stood mute with admiration, secretly preferring to yield obedience to this wild little chit, to following out the grave directions which Mr. Kanell had not failed to give her when she took the place.

Kitty was one of those children who deserve to be whipped and sent to bed ten times a day regularly. Not that she was bad, or in any way wicked; but she certainly was the wildest little wretch that ever a widowed father despaired of making a lady of. To a hasty judge, her naughty escapades often seemed to show a want of modesty; but Kitty's worst faults were vanity and irrepressible spirits, boiling and bubbling up in never-ending freaks of the wildest character.

At fifteen Kitty aspired to being considered a woman. Now that her sixteenth birthday had actually arrived, she was resolved that her longings for the gay life of a young lady should no longer be thwarted. Had she been blessed with a loving, sensible mother, her faults would soon have been overcome; but her mother had died years before.

Mr. Kanell was a stern, unbending, suspicious man, strong in his prejudices, with a dislike to society, and a disagreeable consciousness that his daughter would be a bright attraction to fortune-hunters when she grew up to be a young lady. That Kitty, at sixteen, was within ten years of that dangerous period, he would not admit. The few girlish escapades of hers which had come to his knowledge had caused him to lay down severe rules for her conduct in future, and had also induced him to give her companion and governess, Miss Parseley, such instructions as made her really a spy and duenna. Consequently, Kitty hated her; and was driven to the servants for friends and confidantes.

From this it may be seen that neither the parent nor the governess understood how to manage Miss Kitty.

Kitty went down to dinner at six, that winter evening, with her little head "sunning over with curls," as a brimful of mischief as ever a pretty head could be.

She looked so bewitchingly arch and lovely, as she whirled about before her father to show off her new dress, that, for a moment, he could not scold. When dinner was half over, however, he said, in that cold voice from which Kitty knew there was no appeal:

"Miss Parseley, you will oblige me by seeing that the seamstress alters my daughter's dress. I want the superfluous length removed, so that it will swing clear of the floor about two inches."

"Superfluous length, dear papa! what a long name for train!" laughed Kitty.

"I remonstrated with Miss Kanell," said the governess, in that calm, superior tone of hers

which always irritated Kitty, "about having her silk made in that manner; but she paid no regard to my advice."

"Never mind!" thought Kitty to herself. "The count is going to be at Lilia's to-night; Lilia told me so! He will see me in my new dress before they ruin it, spiteful old things! They say he is really a count—young, handsome, accomplished, intensely aristocratic and awfully rich! Lilia says he is very dark—all Italians are—and I adore dark men. Mrs. Bayard met him in Venice—attended one of his receptions—and knows all about him. He is no valet, or barber, or tenor singer in opera, like those adventurers we read about, but a genuine count belonging to one of the oldest families in Italy. Lilia raves about him! The party was made for him. Ah! my dear papa, chains cannot keep your little Kitty home to-night! If you only knew!"

But Mr. Kanell did not know. He was invited, and had sent his "regrets," as he always did, and thought no more about it. After dinner he went into the stately parlor, where he read the evening news until Kitty had sung him three or four songs, according to custom, when he shortly after remarked to her, as if she had been an infant of five years—"This nine o'clock—time for children to be in bed," and she kissed him formally and ran up-stairs to her room.

"If it done!" she asked, breathlessly, as she burst into the handsome chamber, where Eliza sat sewing on some fleecy tissue white and light as startled snow.

"Not quite, Miss Kanell."

"I'll lock the door for fear Miss Parseley peeps. There she is now! Oh, yes, Miss Parseley, I'm going directly! Excuse my opening the door. I'm—I'm—partially undressed!"—kicking off a slipper. "Good-night and sweet dreams! Hum! now we have things all to ourselves. Let me look at it—Oh, how awfully lovely it will be!"

"Do you know, Eliza, there's going to be a real count where I am going to-night! Of course he is accustomed to seeing elegant toilets. Now, I've got my dear mother's jewel-case here—I got it out of papa's safe yesterday, when his back was turned a moment, the door being open—and I'm going to wear all the diamonds there are in it. Oh, Eliza, they are perfectly scrum! You never saw the like! Look! this is the necklace—and these are the bracelets—and this is an aigrette for the hair! They are all mine; mamma willed them to me, along with all her money, and she had oceans of it; so, if I choose to wear them, it's all right, isn't it?"

Eliza, dazzled by the diamonds, and by the flashing eyes of her young mistress, did not suggest the danger of going out on the street on foot with so much jewelry; nor did she know enough about the proprieties to warn Miss Kanell against appearing in diamonds at sixteen.

In a few moments the illusion overtook her, and she completed and donned. Then Kitty clasped the necklace about her fair neck—discarding the

Roman pearls she had worn; the bracelets on her white, dimpled wrists; Eliza fastened the splendid ornament in her gold hair, and pinning on her breast, some pink rose-buds from a bunch on her table, Kitty Kanell's toilet was satisfactorily completed.

"Oh, miss, you are too beautiful!" ejaculated the maid.

"I do look scrum, that's a fact. Now, Eliza, unlock the door very softly and reconnoiter."

In about three minutes the girl reported:

"A light in Miss Parseley's room, but your father's room is all dark under the door, and the house is shut an' Patrick gone to the attic."

"I'll lock my door; then, if old fox comes she'll think I'm asleep. Now, 'Come on, Macduff!'"

Mistress and maid went noiselessly down the velvet-clad stairs, through the hall, down to the basement, and out into the chilly area.

"The City Hall clock strikes ten. We're in very good time, Eliza. Oh, what a lovely lark we're having! I only hope papa will never find it out."

The house from which the two crept forth was one of the finest on a certain fine street on Brooklyn Heights. A chilly wind came whistling from over the bay; the stars glittered high up in the frosty sky; Kitty clung to her maid's stout arm, and they scudded along, turned a corner, and soon rung the bell of a brilliantly-lighted residence.

Ten minutes later Kitty, divested of her wraps, entered the crowded drawing-room alone. Any temporary embarrassment she may have felt was soon relieved, for Lilia came quickly to her.

"So! you got away! I'm so glad. How lovely you look! Where in the world did all those diamonds come from?"

"My own, of course. Is the count here?"

"Yes. Look over to the left of the piano. That slender, dark, dignified gentleman, I'll manage to introduce you in a few moments. He's perfectly splendid!"

Very shortly after that, Kitty Kanell, blushing, glowing, blue eyes glittering with excitement, looking indescribably lovely, was presented to HER PART, and cast one glance half shy, half bold, into a pair of black, brilliant, inscrutable eyes which kindled with an expression of unmistakable interest at sight of her.

CHAPTER II.

SUBREPTITIOUS BLISS.

Oh, where's the heart so wise
Could, unbewildered, meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels just before their fall.
—Tom Moore.

FLORIAN FENN was tired of life.
His engagement with Miss Bayard was off.
He and Lilia had quarreled.

This was a pity, since they seemed suited to each other, both families had agreed to the match and society had congratulated. Nobody

knew for certain what they had quarreled about, but it was suspected to be the count.

Miss Bayard had met him in Newport, where she was visiting a friend through the month of September; he was on intimate visiting terms with the family, and she had become very friendly with him.

The Count Cicarini had been a wonderful favorite that summer, welcome at the most exclusive villas and cottages, petted by ladies married and unmarried. He was an elegant fellow, speaking deliciously bad English and perfect French, who led the German as if to the manner born, and preserved, through all the gayeties of the fashionable season, an air of reserve, almost of sadness, which was irresistibly interesting, adding a last charm to his dark, romantic beauty. Lilia certainly did admire him warmly; but, that Florian was justified in being so madly jealous, that was another matter. She resented his suspicions and broke off the engagement.

After that, she did, indeed, flirt outrageously with the count, who came to New York the same week that she returned to her friends in Brooklyn, and who found time to cross the ferry three or four times a week to visit at her house.

The whole autumn had flitted away, Florian had not made up his quarrel with her, and now it was December, and she had given a brilliant reception in the count's honor, without so much as sending an invitation to her lover.

This reception was the one to which Kitty Kanell had stolen away, escorted by her maid. Kitty and Lilia were very great friends, though Kitty was nearly three years the younger of the two. Lilia had not felt at liberty to invite Kitty to her party, although she wished her to come, knowing that Mr. Kanell would refuse permission; but the wild little creature scouted the proprieties, declaring that she was coming "if the heavens fell."

"You know, very well, Lilia, that I have not yet met your wonderful count, often as he visits you. Now, I shall be put off no longer. I shall be there!"

Perhaps Lilia, realizing the romance, the imprudence, the emotional nature of little Kitty had purposely avoided bringing the two together. If so, the mischief was done now.

Kitty Kanell, in her blue silk and fleecy illusion, her flashing jewels, her childish beauty, was smiling up in the dark face of the young count, her eyes a dazzling blue, her cheeks flushed, about her pretty mouth a gay, daring, mischievous smile, her whole face and figure breathing of the arch, willful, half-sweet, half-defiant nature which made her what she was—different from every other girl that ever lived or breathed. Cicarini's curiosity was aroused at the sight of such a mere child coming in alone, as she had done, so richly dressed and so piquantly lovely. If Lilia had cared deeply for the handsome foreigner, she would have been as wretched as she had made poor Florian, for the count made no effort to conceal the impression made on his fancy or his curiosity by Miss Kanell.

Kitty had the bliss and triumph of two round dances with him. Ah! what a witching world this was! How glad she was she had come! What! be at home and asleep, when she could be here floating around and around to delicious music, amid lights and the perfumes of flowers, those dark eyes gazing gravely down into her own, that low voice speaking softly at her ear! No, no, no! Kitty could not so patiently congratulate herself on having had the boldness to defy her father's wishes and steal away into this fairy scene. She danced like thistle-down, and the count enjoyed having her for a partner. He was making a study all the time, too, of her character.

It was easy for him, a man of the world, to see that Kitty had more enthusiasm than discretion, more spirit than prudence, more romantic notions than practical ideas. She was very, very charming, that was certain, and he almost told her so.

Somebody asked Kitty to sing. The dancing was suspended. Lilia played for her and she sang two songs, one from the opera of *Mignon*, and one a ballad.

If Cicarini had been surprised and interested before, he was doubly so now.

"Adalina Patti at sixteen never did better!" he muttered to himself. "She would make a dozen fortunes on the stage. But she is very rich, they tell me—very rich. She would have no motive for becoming the Queen of Opera. A mere child—a mere child! A marvelous child! She could not be better fitted to serve the purpose," but what purpose lurked in the stranger's thought, who can say?

Among the compliments showered upon her his were the most ardent and far the sweetest to Kitty's ear.

That whole brief, brilliant evening was to her what no other four hours of her life could ever be. The delight was new and perfect. Somehow—she could not explain to herself how—she was made to feel that she was beautiful and admired, while the triumph of being treated like a woman instead of a little girl, was, of itself, pure bliss.

The most commonplace things about her wore new and lovely colors, as if she looked at them through a prism. The count taking her out to supper, the ice Kitty ate was not like the ordinary mortal-made ices she had hitherto partaken of, but a confection of Paradise.

The moments of rapture given to us here are all the briefer from being intense. Kitty came out of her lovely dream with a shock when, half the guests already gone, she heard a silver-voiced clock strike one.

"Oh, I must go!" she whispered to Lilia, hurriedly. "I have to walk home, with only my maid for an escort."

"I am sorry, Kitty, but our coachman is ill in bed to-night. Shall I ask one of the gentlemen to see you safely home?"

"It is not necessary—only such a few steps, you know. Eliza is brave as a lion. Ah! I have had such a lovely time! I would not have missed it for the world! Poor papa! what would he say if he could see me! It is awfully jolly to be a young lady and have such a splendid time! Just think! sixteen to-day! So good of you to have your party on my birthday, Lilia!"

The count stood near, apparently absorbed in the study of an alabaster Psyche on a stand

on to the river, and there surely drowned, if not before.

It is no dread of any of these dangers which causes Mary Morgan to stand considering which route she will take. She has stepped that plank on nights dark as this, even since it became detached from the fastenings, and is well acquainted with its ways. Were there naught else, she would go straight over it, and along the foot-path, which passes the "big elm." But it is just because it passes the elm she has now paused and is pondering. Her errand calls for haste, and there she would meet a man sure to delay her. She intends meeting him for all that, and being delayed; but not till on her way back. Considering the darkness and obstructions on the footwalk she may go quicker by the road though roundabout. Returning she can take the path.

This thought in her mind, with, perhaps, remembrance of the old adage, "business before pleasure," decides her; and drawing closer her cloak, she sets off along the lane.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 446.)

THE SHEPHERD'S CONFESSION.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

"He whose cold heart love cannot move,
Who feels its thrill no more, is dead;
Who values life when love has fled,
What but a burden can he prove?"

When first, on yonder grassy slope,
Bewitching Mary met my view,
And, smiling, fixed some Highland buds
Upon my breast, what did I do?

Not all I should, but all I could,
And that was but to blush and shiver
And deem the fastenings of my sweet,
If I could kiss the lovely giver!

I could but smile, while I saw
The darling dove bounding on,
Like some wee mountain fairy who
Is hardly come before she's gone.

Oh rare, thought I, must be the joy
The youth shall feel who'll have the pleasure
Of calling that fair maid his bride,
And tolling for the comely treasure!

Next day I met my charming fay,
On old Ben Lomond's craggy rocks,
With livery gown and crook in hand,
Attending to her father's flocks.

Aud, making bold, I made a bow,
And pointing to the blooming heather,
Requested her to let me hear
My pipes and her sweet voice, together.

She sang—or does she warble still,
For still, I think her voice remains
In those ancient, enraptured ears,
So sweet and soothing were the strains!

And if, by chance, her azure eyes
Fell on my own, my heart would flutter
Like some poor wounded birdling's wing
That vainly sweeps the crimson gutter.

Thereafter, lovely Mary found
A singular delight in song,
For, day by day, she came to me—
Ah, yes, she came and waited long.

And light as dew that falls at eve
Upon the tender, verdant clover,
Second Mary's feet upon the sward,
While speeding to her mountain rover.

Her dear blue eyes would gaze in mine,
While asking were my vows sincere,
And as my answer reached her heart,
They sparkled through the joyful tear.

"Until the lamb shall dare the wolf,
Until the eagle fears the plover,
Until the lion reads the calf,"
I said, "I'll be your faithful lover."

But jealousy succeeded, once,
In altering my look and tone,
Because I found, upon her breast,
The buds that faded on my own.

And, say, would you, devoted swains—
Would you, I ask you, not refuse 'em,
Although so innocent a place,
Upon your own "intended's" bosom?

Oh, hers was fair and pure, I know,
For angels, even, could not find
One sign of unchaste thought
In modest Mary's saintly mind.

But where is lovely Mary now?
Oh, maybe, Cupid, you can tell us;
Has my fair shepherdess likewise
Become suspicious, cool and jealous?

Let me behold her graceful air,
Her marble brow and athenian lashes,
Her golden hair and azure eyes,
From which the light of Beauty flashes!

Alas! alas! my dearie lies
In rival Death's severe embrace,
And he has kissed her virgin lips
And spoiled her loveliness of face!

Then, shall I check the crystal tear,
My faithful heart presents to Mary,
Nor let my love, in sighs, appear,
And, thus, to Nature act contrary?

Oh, no! I will not try to stem
The drops that flood my vision to flow;
And if no man gives way to them
Let mine be woman's sign of woe!

muning with herself than with him. Then, looking up with a sad smile: "And do I not belong to you? But, Max, your cousin loves you as I have imagined some women can love, but as I think few really do. She would lay down her life for yours; almost, I think, to give you a moment's happiness. And she is so unselfish, so grand, so good, and her life is so full of ambition, and purpose, and accomplishment, that it seems as if she was far more fitted to be the wife of a man like you than I am."

Max just very grave.

"But if I wanted you, wild-rose! If I wanted you?" and there was a cadence in his voice almost like the sound of a sob. It was hard to part with idol and ideal; but he was coming to feel that perhaps it would be wiser so; and when Bethel again urged the errand, and she brought her, he very kindly, but imperatively, closed their interview by assuring her that any such project must be entirely dismissed. That she must go upon the witness-stand and testify to the truth, without any thought of pity for him or condemnation for herself.

Never in his life had Jack Prentiss been so feverishly consumed with excitement as upon the morning following that conversation with Nita. He had slept none during the night, and long before sunrise was up and pacing his dressing-room, utterly absorbed in earnest, intense thought. In two more days Max's trial would commence; in this time Mr. Prentiss must work up a strange case, in one last attempt to accomplish his friend's salvation. He recalled and reviewed every item of evidence which a critical examination had elicited from his wife, and arranged his plans for further investigation; and by the time Nita awoke he had prepared for the prosecution of a search based upon suspicions that if proved true would place in his hands the proofs of that would startle all of us. But the day found Mrs. Prentiss so weak and languid as to vividly recall to her husband her plea, and his promise, of the previous night. Since it was his young wife's desire to see and know Miss Donaldson, he saw that it would be folly now to delay his confession and request to Eva. Just now she was well-nigh overwhelmed by Max's trouble; but, perhaps, Jack thought, and he believed he understood the sweet womanliness of her nature, his acknowledgment of his marriage and his demand upon her sympathy in behalf of his frail bride would be a beneficial interruption to her present sorrow and suspense. He knew that the interview would cost him severe mental suffering, but he would not shrink from the fulfillment of his promise; and he resolved to call upon Miss Donaldson before he attended to those other duties to which he looked forward with such eagerness of suspicion and suspense.

He was just in time to meet Eva coming down the steps to a carriage.

"Good-morning, Miss Donaldson," he said, lifting his hat, and escorting her across the walk.

"Ah, Mr. Prentiss! I am just going to uncle Tremaine's office. Will you not ride down-town with me? There is no news!"

"None as yet," replied Jack, accepting a seat at her side and closing the carriage door.

"I came to see you this morning to make a confession on my own behalf, and appeal to your womanly sympathy in behalf of a little lady who is very anxious to know you," and concisely, gravely, simply, Mr. Prentiss revealed to the woman he loved the barrier that separated him in life. And yet, when he had finished, with only the briefest explanation, with no mention of the facts that had moved him to make Nita his wife, without one visible betrayal of his own love, he felt that at last he and Eva Donaldson understood each other.

"I shall take pleasure in visiting Mrs. Prentiss, Jack. Do you think she would mind if I see her alone, first?"

"I am sure it would be better so."

"And she knows my name? She will be expecting me?"

"I have told her your name, yes; and she will be glad to receive you whenever you call."

They alighted from the carriage, meeting Miss Foss, who had but shortly come from her interview with Mr. Duncan.

"Miss Bethel, you are just the person I want to see," Jack announced, as the young lady shook hands with him. "I have some important questions to ask of you. Will you allow me a seat in your carriage and a few minutes' conversation?"

"Certainly; but which way shall I drive?"

"With your permission I will give the coachman an order," and Mr. Prentiss mentioned to the man an address, entered the carriage, and he and Bethel were driven away.

"Miss Bethel, if my queries seem to you strange ones, I hope you will bear in mind that they tend toward things upon which light upon the case of the man whom we both desire to save, and that you will aid me all in your power."

"You may be sure I will," said Bethel, decisively, but wonderingly.

"Then I will proceed to put you upon the witness-stand as to what did you first learn of your own mother, and what concerning her early history? Tell me all, please."

Miss Foss related, minutely, the story she had heard from her dying step-mother.

"But when Mr. Foss learned that his wife's death was a deception, and that she had been perfectly convinced of the truth of the case?"

"I suppose he must have been; if you remember, I was in New York sick at the time that he was made acquainted with those facts."

"Time, and you do not know whether he met Madame De Witt?"

"Yes, I asked mamma. He did not. I was supposed to be married, and to have gone away, and there was no other reason for their meeting, and it could only have been a trial to each."

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jects, but I begin to see light! This Raymond is the person we are seeking."

The carriage stopped in a west-side, comparatively down-town street, in a quarter where there seemed to be a struggle between open vagabondism and attempts to maintain shabby gentility. After making a few inquiries of the coachman, and in one or two houses, Mr. Prentiss returned to Bethel whom he had left in the coupe in a strange whirl of excitement; though she smiled at her companion and was outwardly calm.

"Miss Foss, this is a gambling-place—private and on a small scale—and it will be nearly empty and quiet at this hour. I should like it if you will come in with me."

"Now," said the steps of the house, and they were admitted by a curious-eyed servant and shown to a tiny, quiet, shabby reception-room. Presently the servant returned, followed by a man loosely swinging a morning paper; a man once evidently handsome, but faded, dissipated-looking, and ready to patent vagabondish Bohemianism Stanley Raymond.

It was a strange interview that Jack Prentiss held with his father-in-law, this easy, good-natured, dissipated gambler, that ended with an appointment to be kept in Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt's offices later in the day.

"Now," said the young lawyer, when he placed Miss Foss in her carriage and gave the coachman orders to drive home, "you must keep cool and brave, Miss Bethel, in the midst of all this excitement. Remember that much depends upon your betraying nothing."

"I think you may trust me," replied Bethel, firmly.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE VAIL STRIPPED AWAY.

"It often falls in course of common life
That right long time is overborne of wrong."

It was with strange emotions that Bethel Foss went up the steps of her mother's elegant Fifth Avenue mansion that morning. While there was some hope in her heart for Max, she was filled with anguish, sickening dismay, at the horrors threatening once more to render her homeless. Her soul revolted daily against the notoriety that the murder of Rial had given her, and now she must be again associated with mystery and crime. The future was rolled in weird, uncertain vapors. The present was all of awful suspicions and revelations. And amid this thickening degradation and danger she stood alone, watching to see pulled down about her the fairy fabric of luxury and fashion wherein she had entered with such dazzling expectations so brief a season ago.

She went straight to her boudoir and rung for her maid. The girl came into her presence with weary, dragging footsteps, but shining eyes and a fever-spot burning in each hollow cheek.

"Annette, I have an errand to do just after luncheon, and as Madame will be here, I shall wait until you attend me. I hope the air will do you good. It grieves me that you do not get better. Is there anything upon your mind, Annette, that makes you so wretched?"

Miss Foss's tone was perfectly gentle and quiet, but the girl was moved by it to a storm of tears.

"Ah, mademoiselle, is it not enough that Pierre does not love me? What has changed him since your marriage?"

"I shall wait until you attend me. I hope the air will do you good. It grieves me that you do not get better. Is there anything upon your mind, Annette, that makes you so wretched?"

Miss Foss's tone was perfectly gentle and quiet, but the girl was moved by it to a storm of tears.

"Ah, he is more than her servant! He will do anything for her! He knows all her secrets, and he loves her."

Bethel regarded the girl in speechless amazement; and Annette suddenly realizing what she had said, and frightened at her own temerity, cried in terror:

"I have told her your name, yes; and she will be glad to receive you whenever you call."

They alighted from the carriage, meeting Miss Foss, who had but shortly come from her interview with Mr. Duncan.

"Miss Bethel, you are just the person I want to see," Jack announced, as the young lady shook hands with him. "I have some important questions to ask of you. Will you allow me a seat in your carriage and a few minutes' conversation?"

"Certainly; but which way shall I drive?"

"With your permission I will give the coachman an order," and Mr. Prentiss mentioned to the man an address, entered the carriage, and he and Bethel were driven away.

"Miss Bethel, if my queries seem to you strange ones, I hope you will bear in mind that they tend toward things upon which light upon the case of the man whom we both desire to save, and that you will aid me all in your power."

"You may be sure I will," said Bethel, decisively, but wonderingly.

"Then I will proceed to put you upon the witness-stand as to what did you first learn of your own mother, and what concerning her early history? Tell me all, please."

Miss Foss related, minutely, the story she had heard from her dying step-mother.

"But when Mr. Foss learned that his wife's death was a deception, and that she had been perfectly convinced of the truth of the case?"

"I suppose he must have been; if you remember, I was in New York sick at the time that he was made acquainted with those facts."

"Time, and you do not know whether he met Madame De Witt?"

"Yes, I asked mamma. He did not. I was supposed to be married, and to have gone away, and there was no other reason for their meeting, and it could only have been a trial to each."

"Time, and you do not know whether he met Madame De Witt?"

"Yes, I asked mamma. He did not. I was supposed to be married, and to have gone away, and there was no other reason for their meeting, and it could only have been a trial to each."

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"Time, and you do not know whether he met Madame De Witt?"

igner who had been so cruelly connected with it; detailing it, minutely, down to the day when she took her destiny in her own hands and ended it by a lonely tragedy upon the Massachusetts seashore; showing a strange Reverend Daniel Foss had been induced to send his wife to the little coast village through the representations of his aged landlady, Mrs. Bradley, who had living there a daughter, a fisherman's widow, of the name of Corwin; adducing as proof of the truth of the fact that one day in the clothing, identified as having been worn by Mrs. Foss, was afterward washed ashore, a circumstance to which there was a witness still living in the person of Mrs. Corwin's son; and reading a letter, which it was discovered, weeks later, that the girl who had left, with her wedding-ring, to be delivered to her husband, stating that she thanked him for his love but that she knew her marriage had been a mistake, and would only prove a fetter upon his life, in which she could have no real part, and that she had determined to put an end to her existence; and entreating that her little daughter might be given to the keeping of her father if he would accept the charge.

"Now," said Mr. Tremaine, "there occurs a strange coincidence in this history. There was the Corwin family a young woman of very nearly Mrs. Foss's age, bearing the same Christian name, and a remarkable likeness to the clergyman's wife. This girl, adopted into the family when a babe, a waif found at sea, and named from some mark upon her clothes, though not at home like Mrs. Foss was boarding at her foster mother's, naturally heard a full account of that lady's history, death, and resemblance to herself. Cecile Corwin was of a restless, ambitious, heartless, unscrupulous nature. After once running away from her adopted friends, she married a stranger, called Stanley Raymond—a playwright and actor. When a child was born to them, Mrs. Raymond sent it to her adopted sister, Jane Corwin, to be cared for, and commenced her career as an actress. Though not being successful she attracted the attention of a rich youth, a boy in years but a man in life and experience. While spending a few days with her husband at a little watering-place, her admirer, Rial Andral, followed her. They held a clandestine meeting upon the end of a pier, at which Raymond surprised them, and in a moment of desperate anger and alarm, they pushed the husband into the bay. Frightened at what they had done, and convinced by his rising that he was drowned, they fled from the village, and arriving in New York took steamer to Europe. Here, after a time, Andral deserted Mrs. Raymond."

"But fortune favored the beautiful adventurer. She attracted the attention of an eccentric, morose, wealthy invalid, who took a fancy to her because of her baptismal name and her peculiar likeness to his dead daughter. She discovered who he was, interested him still more by revealing her own acquaintance with his daughter's history, and won upon his sympathies by representing herself as a widow, left alone in a foreign land. She became his nurse; by her devotion, addresses and diplomacy, came to manage his affairs, and have herself known as his daughter; by which name he frequently called her. When this man—Colonel Robert De Witt—came to die, Cecile Raymond had such complete knowledge of his affairs as made her resolve upon playing a desperate game. Not content with accepting goodly bequest at his hands, she determined to boldly claim his entire fortune, palm herself off as his daughter, and perfect her deception by adopting as hers Cecile Foss's child."

All things fate seemed to favor her. The only foreign connection of Colonel De Witt's who could have thwarted her plans, his valet, became her tool; her remarkable likeness to the dead Cecile deceived those who were called upon to identify her; a combination of fortuitous circumstances prevented any meeting with the man whose wife she pretended to be, and she gained the guardianship of Miss Bethel Foss. But, when this daughter's lover, Mr. Rial Andral, met the lady who called herself Bethel's mother, and Madame De Witt, he instantly recognized his former companion in crime. Neither, however, cared to have any exposures come about, and Cecile Raymond agreed to effect his union with Miss Foss and settle upon them, at their marriage, a splendid sum of money. But an event which these guilty persons had counted upon never took place. Stanley Raymond was not drowned. The tide carried him under the pier, where he was lodged in such a position that when he recovered consciousness, from the effect of a blow he had received, he easily escaped. And, in time, this man and Andral met. Mr. Raymond still retained for some kindly remembrance for the woman who had wronged him, the mother of his child, to prosecute her and her accomplice for intent to kill; but he agreed to help accomplish her downfall by establishing her identity. Mr. Andral, who designed marrying Robert De Witt's granddaughter, the real heiress to his immense fortune, was in return to settle upon Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, if the adventuress returned to her husband, a fine competency; and upon Mr. Raymond, alone, if she chose some other life when removed from her usurped position."

There was a pause. Every cheek was either pallid or painfully flushed, except madame's; she was still cool, unmoved, as she had sat during all this revelation of crime and deception. Interrupting the terrible silence, Mr. Tremaine spoke again:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is Cecile Raymond! This, her lawful husband! This, her only child!"

Another pause. Madame was still haughty, immovable, scornful, only refusing to look toward the girl who lay against Jack Prentiss's shoulder, or the man whom she had once called husband. Then, again, the speaker resumed:

"You will easily see to what desperate measures such a woman as Cecile Raymond would resort, before she would allow herself to be deprived of the wealth and position she had attained; and the history you have just heard shows how necessary it was that Rial Andral should be removed from her pathway; for, as I have reason to know, from proofs now in my possession, and testimony that I can adduce, her master of her secrets and antecedents, had also kept espionage over Andral, and had discovered, and revealed to his mistress, the plot that Rial was perfecting for her downfall. Therefore—Cecile Raymond is now under arrest for the murder, or complicity in the murder, that took place at her residence; and, as Mr. Tremaine spoke, an officer entered from the outer room."

At last madame's calmness deserted her. She arose and testified that she was innocent of committing that deed!"

"Then name the person who did," commanded the lawyer, sternly; and, as she hesitated—"your servant is already in the Tombs—it will be quicker for her to testify."

"Pierre Lafevre!"

A low cry ran through the room, and the Swiss girl fell fainting to the floor.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

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Come where the orange trees bloom!
Ella Leene, She wept her life away,
Ellen Bayne, Silent evening,
Farwell, lily dear, Every midnight moon,
Farwell, sweet mother, Come one to love,
Fresh drinks, The dream is past,
Goodby, Linda, love, The girls are not so green,
Hard times come again, no more, The glorious reformers,
Happy be thy dreams, The light of other days,
Home and friends, The little drooping flower,
I had a dream, The lone starry hours,
I'm a pedagogue, The long, long, weary day,
I'm the queen of the village, The meeting of the waters,
I'm thinking of thee, Elsie, The sea, the sea, the open sea,
I prize this little tree, The wild rose,
I see her still in my dreams, The Zingaris,
Jennie with the light brown hair, Think of me, love, in your dreams,
Jenny's coming o'er the green, 'Tis but a little faded flower,
Jennie with her bonnie blue e'e, 'Twas only one short year ago,
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Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

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PLEASANT MENTION.—To thank the press for its complimentary mention of the SATURDAY JOURNAL seems supererogatory, since "they all do it," and all we can do in return is to say we fully appreciate the many—many kindly notices.

Our "fall campaign" is full of promise to our readers. We have such a stock of good things, already in hand, and such arrangements for good things to come, as will render the SATURDAY JOURNAL incomparable for interest, entertainment and instruction.

One unique feature of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is its series of sketches—each complete, yet all from one hand and more or less connected in interest and personality. Those by Capt. Satterlee Plummer, U. S. A.; by C. D. Clark, Frank Daves and Oli Coomes; by Edward L. Wheeler, now running through the paper; and a new series to follow, of deeply interesting and all-true stories of Texan frontier life and characters, from Major Sam S. Hall, certainly have constituted, and will continue to constitute, a very attractive feature of our weekly.

Sunshine Papers.

Bouquets.

BOUQUETS, and all kinds of wild flowers; the wild flowers that belong to the golden days of autumn; not the fragile, delicate offspring of April showers and May sunshine, but the glowing, royal-hued, spicy-scented blossoms that tangle the hedgerows and sprinkle the woodlands, and submerge the meadows through the months of September and October, with glory and fragrance. From rocky cliff and ferny dell, from swamp and forest, from pasture-land and roadside, from the despoiled bit of waste land at the foot of the garden, from the woods just back of the house, from about the very kitchen door, I garner my treasures and group them for my friends, and claim for their artistic merits. Fresh from the hands of Nature—the greatest of all artists—stained with her most brilliant dyes and fashioned by her peerless hands, who shall dare to turn from them, failing to find aught to praise of grace and beauty?

From the half-cleared woodland down by the old deserted pier, I bring you an "austere" thistle: right kingly in its garb of purple and proudly intrenched within its thorny calyx, circle it with the great yellow-ringed, brown-hearted, "patient" ox-eyes, blossoming over in the meadow yonder. Plunge these in a low jar among handfuls of the dark, shiny, spiked ferns from along the rocky bits of roadside, and, for the table in your hall, or the space just in front of the parlor fireplace, you have a subject to delight a painter.

In fields, and lanes, and woods, and gardens, and door-yards, I gather you sprays of tiny Michaelmas daisies, the darling little flowerets that herald Queen Flora's "farewell" to summer. Crowd your glasses, and vases, and china jugs, full of the dainty white and pink and lavender blooms, with their lace-like fringes set round a drop of gold. Put feathery spikes of seeded grasses with them, and here and there a deep-hued purple aster, and a bunch of "gay" late-blooming buttercups, and the pure "innocent" face of the last field daisy, and one "splendid" velvety narrow plume of the samurai; in their midst bury a few sprigs of the spicy broom-mint and fling the soft banners of wavy ferns; over the sides of the vases spill the scarlet-leaved runners of the wood-strawberry and the aromatic tendrils of wild grape-vines. Set the fragrant graceful groups on mantles, in window-seats, before the pier-glass upon tables and brackets,

and the piano, and the beauties in parlor and hall, dining-room and kitchen, and every sleeping apartment. See to it that the Michaelmas daisies smile everywhere, for the blossoms and glory of the autumn will soon die under the chill kisses of dark, fierce winter.

Up from a search in the sweetest nooks of the meadows, I bring you some late clover-heads; great, honey-full pink ones symbolical of "industry," little nodding white ones for "remembrance," and a four-leaved one for "good luck;" here, too, are a few "childish" king-cups with their chalices of gold, one "rustic oracle"—a starchy dandelion—half a dozen modest Marguerites, and the last faintly fragrant, palely-yellow primrose that will bloom this season next to a knot of blue ragged-robins. Crowd them into that ivory band—the toy will hold no others of their kind this year.

And now I climb rocky banks to tear down great clusters of golden and royally purple asters; search the fields for spikes of creamy snap-dragon; I jump from stone to stone in the brook, to seize the capricious, dainty, dangling orange lady-slippers; by the side of fences I break off splendid waving tufts of gold rod; for a dash of scarlet to put into this kindly coloring of purple and gold I match a bunch of vivid reddened autumn foliage; and another all in a white mist of wild-carrot and a greenery of ferns. Put the beauties where you will—this study for an artist, and they will laugh out through their white and green cloudery and fill the room with brightness.

Last of all, from the hedges, the forest, the rough hillside and the mossy hollow, I fill baskets and brackets for your walls with the brown shafts of the cat-tails, milk-weed pods that have burst into a mound of silver, thistles from which the thorny calyx, and the too ripe purple top have been torn away, leaving a snowy, spherical puff of down, sprays of dried golden-rod and snowy bunches of odorous balsam, soft brown heads of swamp-grass, the orange-capped, scarlet-centered bitter-sweet berries, the red pendants of the barberry, and the bronzed leaves of the whortleberry, heads of wheat and sprays of oats, and ferns and grasses, dried, and banners of blood-red leaves so full, so full, that the receptacles run over as I crowd in the wild ivy with its deep blue berries and five-fingered, brilliant leaves, the trailing Hartford fern, and garlands of snowy clematis.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

Did you ever think how tired we sometimes become of ourselves—how we would like to run away from our very selves if we could? Now, if we often grow so weary of ourselves can we wonder that others tire of us?

But that is not what I intended to comment upon.

I think the reason we are so fond of "dabbling" in private theatricals, performing in charades, dialogues and tableaux, is because we want to be "somebody else" for a while, and thus sink our identity in the characters we assume for the time being—to see how we would act and do under certain circumstances. If persons could really and truly forget themselves in their mimic personations we might have better actors and actresses.

We are so egotistical and so very thoughtful of ourselves, that we can never get the great I out of our own minds.

How often have I been asked why authors have to hide themselves behind *noms de plume*. There may be several reasons—timidity, bashfulness, a desire to mystify readers and cause them to wonder who the writers really are; or, they may be ashamed of their productions to such an extent as to have no desire to append their real names to the same.

"Do you speak for yourself in that last remark, Eve?" Excuse me, that question is not before the meeting-house for discussion just now!

I think the real truth of the matter lies in their wishing to be "somebody else." They—while writing—assume the character of the *nom de plume* they take, and it prevents them from putting too much of themselves upon paper.

It is no news to tell you that authors are human beings, and they sometimes like to get away from themselves just as other people do. It is a relaxation to them, and these "noms" are but a harmless masquerade, anyway.

Do not the little folks want to grow up into men and women? Do they not mimic the manners of their elders? Do they not like to be dressed like "little men" and "little women"?

Charley is never more pleased than when he struts about with papa's hat and cane, while Gracie is "almost made" when she dons mother's bonnet and shawl. Even they want to be "somebody else."

And the middle-aged and old folks—do they not often wish themselves young again? Do they not want to be "somebody else" just as they were? Do they not want to be "somebody else" when they were stepping into manhood and womanhood. As youngsters they played "make believe," as youths and maidens they did the same, and now in age they want to be not what they are but what they used to be!

Tom Lawless often has young men come to visit him, and how often have I seen him and his friends change hats with each other when they have gone away riding, fishing and hunting. I have often wondered if it was this strong desire for change which made them do so. Tom says: "A fellow feels like somebody else to have another fellow's hat on," and so, I presume, I am right in my inference.

Calphs were wont to "prowl" around Bagdad in disguise; was it not for the love of being for awhile "somebody else"?

Detectives are said to be infatuated with their profession, as it gives them a chance to sustain a varied round of characters and to be "somebody else."

Some of those who have held high positions in church and State have turned out to be the most arrant rogues in existence; their piety was assumed—twas but a cloak to hide their great and grievous sins; they were *acting a part*, and while they played the saint they were the vilest of sinners—the wolf in sheep's clothing. Yes, they were "somebody else."

The servants ape the airs and graces of masters and mistresses while those very employers are aping those who are superior to them. Life is one great masquerade, in which we disguise ourselves, our thoughts, actions and motives.

Sometimes, when the masks fall from the faces, what hideous sights meet our gaze! Many whom we have thought to be perfection sink to the level of the sin-stained criminal; they have deceived others with their other self; the mask has been kept on for years and years, but after it has fallen we can then realize how very—very true it is that, to be "somebody else," is the study of innumerable lives.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Home Decoration.

HOME decoration is just now all the rage, and is occupying the attention of good wives who don't keep a girl and of course haven't anything on hand to do.

I think it is a glorious art, and feel like doing everything I can to encourage it. I say decorate then come and decorate mine. This is the only way to make home happy and keep your husband there. You see, that if you fix up everything in this late style it will take him some time to look and inspect the articles, and, of course, he can't leave if he is anywhere interested, as he ought to be. If you fix up everything right he will then have no time to think of going down-town, and that in these times is the main idea of home decoration, according to my idea.

As to this beautiful art a few hints may possibly serve as insinuations. Take for instance the matter-of-fact book-jack, a little bead-work or embroidery in chevron, or cochineal, will make it a thing of life and a joy forever, which you can set upon the center-table, and which will entice your husband as soon as he comes home to pull his boots off, when you can take them and hide them, and if he will go down-town again he will have to go in his stocking feet.

If you have any ingenious spiders about your house you can set them to work on the parlor windows, and in a few days you will have lace curtains not made with hands which will far surpass the most costly imported ones, and will cost you nothing at all. I frequently notice that this idea is understood in some homes, but it is not carried to the extent that it should be. This article also makes a very elaborate covering for picture-frames, and serves to fill up odd corners of the room where you can't reach it with a broom, unless you get up on a chair.

Plebeian in aspect as a dish-rag it can be made an object of attraction to hang upon the wall by a judicious display of silk fringe-work upon it and a bouquet of flowers carefully worked in the center of it. No one would ever suspect what it was, and even women themselves would be glad to handle it with more alacrity than they do at present.

Old furniture is highly prized by connoisseurs and is very eagerly sought after. A slight sprinkling of dust artistically distributed over the chairs, sofas and bureaus will lend an antique air to them which can be effected in no other way unless you tumble them down stairs every day, or go among them with a club.

The plain, unassuming ash-bucket is a simple thing and yet it can be made an object of interest by simply inlaying it with a lining of silk, worked with flowers, and coming the ceramic on it on the outside in fanciful designs. It will be able then to inhabit the parlor and no question asked.

There is the despised and disused mop—it is in your own kitchen and yet you would soon even to touch it! Beautifully wrought with beadwork and lace designs and the handle painted in rustic patterns, very few things can surpass it as an ornament for the drawing-room. It will require some work on it, but then that is better than working with it.

Take the commonest door-mat, make a fanciful pattern in the center of it of egg-shells—plain egg-shells—make a circle around that of small common vials, then a course of common towels, then a row of empty spoons with an outside fringe of hollow glass beads, and who would want a more delicate ornament to lay on the inside of the parlor door?

An elegant watch-case to hang by your husband's bed can be made out of one of his old shoes simply by placing a common cheap hook in the heel to hang it up by—and judiciously sewing up the toe so that the watch will not fall through.

Pictures for the drawing-room are now in vogue. You can exert your skill in painting your husband drawing off his boots, throwing in the shape of look very sweetly. You can also draw your husband drawing his salary after a heavy dry-goods draw; be careful of the expression of countenance. Have a picture of him drawing water with a two-horse power windlass for the wash and try to improve on Nature.

Your front windows, which are broken, can be beautifully ornamented in the classic style of art by inserting common straw hats with ribbons to suit the age, or pillows beautifully ornamented with embroidery in the medieval style of art. It lends a pleasing variety.

A very fine artistic effect can be produced on the walls by the use of stockings by simply embroidering them in the shape of birds or flowers or other fanciful designs. Patterns in lead work are also applicable.

One of the most beautiful ornaments to the household, which women somehow fail to notice, is a collar button sewed on so that it won't come off the next time a collar is buttoned on. It requires a little more patience than is usually exhibited, but it is very effective in its effect.

Towels, common every-day towels, can be so fringed, braided and embroidered that they may serve as tapestries in the parlor.

Take a common ugly grease-spot on the parlor carpet, extend the edges of it into the shape of a pleasing artistic border, with a little more grease; throw in a few pretty shades with different colored greases, and lo, you have something delightful to look at at very small cost!

Broom-handles could be made pleasing to the eye by covering them with worked silk, stuffing the inside with wool or cotton to make them soft so that if they should fall down they will not make a noise and awake the husband.

The parlor tongs for beauty and convenience could be dressed up in pants, jacket and hat, somewhat in sailor fashion, and make quite an interesting ornament for the chimney corner these cold evenings.

Wherever the plaster is broken you can make a rustic frame and put it over the place with a glass and call it a picture of a hole in the wall by some great master. It will be so perfect that but few will be able to tell the difference.

Perhaps the best things for home decoration are smiles—a few of which scattered around here and there are better than tidies with impossible animals worked in red, or stands made out of flour barrels.

Thoughtfully,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

How many friendships begin in school, and end in the social circle of society, where one goes up and another goes down! How many friendships begin in college, and wax feebler and feebler as, in the great race and competition of life, one rises higher and higher, and the other sinks lower and lower! How much there is of friendship that is counterfeit and false!

Topics of the Time.

—In Hayti it now takes two thousand dollars of the paper decreed by the State to be money to buy a breakfast.

—An article going the rounds says: "Some of the best of Longfellow's earlier poems were sold to *Graham's Magazine* for small sums. Except *Knickerbocker*, which did not pay much, and for which Longfellow did not write there, were then no other periodicals that paid for poetry." Mr. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor"—we have his own authority for stating—first appeared in the *Knickerbocker*, showing that he did write for that old magazine.

The Chinese Ambassador is described as a man of imposing appearance, between sixty and seventy, with a kindly and intelligent face. He is slight and tall and has very courteous manners. In the credentials which they brought from their emperor, he and his suite are mentioned as "just and honorable men." We make an egregious mistake in judging the Chinese race by the Celestials who haunt this country as washerwomen, cigar-peddlers and junkmen. In China this class are the very lowest of the people.

It is centuries that the Russian Church has been striving to convert from Mahometanism the Tartars in Europe, but with a total result of loss rather than of gain. In spite of this the Czar has resolved to throw open Central Asia to missionary enterprise, and *The London Globe* says arrangements are being made for the establishment of "a regular crusade in every part of Turkestan." Hereafter the governing-general has strenuously opposed missionary work in these provinces, but now that they are to be the Mongols is to be changed into the Greeks. Can the leopard change his spots?

—Obliet, a Naples banker, proposes to build a railway from the foot of Vesuvius to the crater. A double line, supported on pillars, and 919 yards long, will carry the trains, each consisting of four carriages holding four passengers. The carriages will be made of wire rope connected with stationary engines. As one train ascends the other will come down. Each carriage will be fitted with automatic brakes. There are those who think that this will take all the romance out of the ascent, and who sneeringly ask: "Why not be shown by gaslight. Others say that, year by year, 'notable undertakings' like this are rubbing the gloss off of whatever is strange and beautiful in nature."

—Buffalo Bill relates many amusing incidents connected with his brief theatrical career, one of which will suffice. While in Boston he engaged a gentleman to sing on the stage. The party in question was a Bostonian and considered himself an adept in vocal music. Bill contracted to pay him \$20 per night, to sing one ballad. The singer chose "Where are the Friends of My Youth?" After screaming through the ballad once, Bill sent for him, saying: "Go to the treasurer of my company, get your \$20, then travel at once, and keep traveling until you find those friends of your youth, about which you have been singing, and don't stop until you find them." That was the last he saw of the famous "vocalist."

—That the DIME ROMANCES are not all romance may be a current incident attests; and that the novel hero of the HALF DIME NOVELS—"Deadwood Dick, the Road-Agent Prince"—is more fact than fiction such items as this give vivid evidence: "The treasure chest of the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Line that left Deadwood on Thursday, September 26th, was stopped by five armed men at Canon Springs at three P. M. yesterday. Two messengers, Captain Smith and Gale Hill were seriously wounded, and one passenger, H. O. Campbell, telegraph operator, was killed. The treasure taken amounted to between \$25,000 and \$30,000. Ten armed men have started from Deadwood in pursuit of the robbers." The HALF DIME novelist will have to look to his laurels or the daily papers will "steal his thunder."

—Adolph Sultan, a liverman in Fliche, Nev., discharged Fred Dwyer, a drunken employee. On the following morning he received a note from Dwyer, saying: "I am coming to see you to-day." Soon afterward a boy came with the news that Dwyer sent me up to say he'd be here pretty soon. Next, a stage-driver pulled up his horses to say: "I passed Fred Dwyer down the road, and he wanted me to tell you he'd be right along." Sultan wondered why Dwyer had taken so much trouble to give such trifling information, and while he was thinking about it, his son ran in and said: "Fred's coming to kill you—he says so." Sultan hastily armed himself. Dwyer soon came up, drew a revolver, fired, and missed his mark, but received three bullets in his body and died. And that's the way they do in Nevada!

—The Paris papers are telling a story of a beef-steak duel—of course it is an Englishman who is the challenger, and the Frenchman is induced to go through the ordeal by the Englishman's temptation of the offer of points—that is, he undertakes to eat ten steaks, and then start a fight. Dwyer sent me up to say he'd be here pretty soon. Next, a stage-driver pulled up his horses to say: "I passed Fred Dwyer down the road, and he wanted me to tell you he'd be right along." Sultan wondered why Dwyer had taken so much trouble to give such trifling information, and while he was thinking about it, his son ran in and said: "Fred's coming to kill you—he says so." Sultan hastily armed himself. Dwyer soon came up, drew a revolver, fired, and missed his mark, but received three bullets in his body and died. And that's the way they do in Nevada!

—There is no country on the globe having the lands suited for cotton-growing, in conjunction with a long warm season and severe winter frosts, like our own. In latitudes destitute of keen frosts the fiber is much weaker than the fiber grown in America. This is especially true of the light, weak fiber of the East India cotton. In Upper Egypt alone a fiber has been produced that in some seasons will compare with our short staple. This, however, is of no consequence, as the Upper Egyptian crop amounts to only a few thousand of our bales. Other cotton raised in other parts of Egypt is inferior, and is used to mix with ours. Cotton requires a peculiar climate for its regular, unailing and perfect growth. It is a tropical plant, yet the tropics furnish outside localities for the production of a fiber equal to our own. Although some of these latitudes produce cotton enormously, it is inferior. China is said to have produced from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 of bales the size of ours. But China cannot now supply her own consumption, and is importing from British India a large amount to make up her deficiency.

—Thus looked Bismarck during his recent speech on Socialism: "As he raised his eyes for the first time, and, contracting his bushy brows into a frown, looked round the House rapidly, as though taking stock of his foes, his face wore an angry look, and he looked evil to those who saw him during the day's proceedings. Judging from his appearance as he subsequently stood up while speaking, it seemed that he had added a stone to his weight since last June, and that his health is still far from what his friends must wish it to be. His delivery is more broken and spasmodic than ever; he struggles obviously with some difficulty of breathing, and is obliged to pause from time to time (even in the middle of a sentence) apparently to gather strength or control his temper. His hands are hardly at rest for a moment—either they are twisting a huge lead-pencil, brushing at his cuffs, or clenching at the shining breast-buttons of his dark cuirassier tunic. But his gray eyes are as bright as fire as of yore, and his voice, at moments of paramount excitement, rings out as defiantly and menacingly as ever. Altogether he is the most remarkable incorporation imaginable of conscious power and restrained passion, and it is not to be wondered at that weaker natures positively cower before him when he is in one of his reckless and desperate moods."

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Wrecked," "To a Fly," "The Spirit of the Past," "Kindred," "Enough," "Sweet William," "My Baby," "Only a Trump Printer," "A Carriage for Two," "Wiser than Wisdom," "A Scapigrace's Luck," "The Big Tree Tragedy," "The Horn Gulch Mystery," "Declined," "Imogene," "Schenectady," "Lotus or Egypt," "A Song," "Putting Aside the Old," "Lady Louise," "The Unconscious Conquest," "Apollo the Printer," "Tassie's Blackmail," "The Lark," "Yes, It Is," "Catching Crows."

J. T. J. We do not care to consider the series of papers.

I. E. A good silk dress hat can be had for four dollars.

Eliza S. C. Write to Dick and Fitzgerald, publishers, New York.

SAMSON. The best "lifting machine" for you is a saw-buck or crow-bar.

ETRIE. White merino does make a beautiful evening or party-dress and is much used.

GUYON No. 2. Any place on a steamer must be obtained by application to the captain or steward.

W. L. C. The *nom de plume* is that of the author named. Judge by what is in the papers as to what is the "class" of matter most in demand. Your chronography is passable.

A. G. W. If you know the lady and she knows you there should be a mutual recognition. In the case of an introduction she not having been formally introduced was afraid to make the advance necessary to obtain your bow. If you each desire a closer acquaintance send her your card and a brief note asking if you can have the privilege of calling on her.

ELLEN M. M. The Princess Louise is the only royal princess of England who has married out of a royal family. Her husband is Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell; but was called marquess by courtesy. Fine water-proof cloth, of not too heavy quality, is one of the best materials for a winter traveling-dress. Silk dresses may be nice and smart by securing. Rip and take to a responsible cleaner, and you will find the silk much more satisfactory to make over than if you had it made. Black silk can be nicely cleaned by sponge of the breadths with warm ammonia water. Hang in the air or fold tightly about a board and dry without ironing.

JOHN M. S. writes: "I married a young lady to whom my parents objected. We have been married nearly a year, and though my mother and sisters have called on her father never has, and now that one of my sisters is to be married he will not allow the invitation for the wedding to be sent to my wife, while I have resented him. It is my youngest and dearest sister who is to be married, and I would like very much to go; but I want to know whether it is proper for me to do so without my wife's consent. It would not only be allowing your friends to insult your wife, but would be an insult to her from you, were you to go where it was intimated that she would not be desired. Send your regrets and politely add that you do not accept invitations in which your wife is not included."

Mrs. SARIE IDELL and MINNIE L. write: "A young gentleman recently came to live in the place where we reside, and previous to his making his home here he had, upon several occasions, been our guest, while a friend of his was in the city. After he came here we met him and bowed, but he scarcely noticed our recognition, and afterward so persistently looked at us that we were obliged to attempt to notice him. We want to know if you think his behavior was gentlemanly." Certainly not. He was rude. Whether you were special friends of his or not, since he was in the city, your house, though it was but to meet a friend of his there, he owed you not only his recognition when he met you, but also a word of welcome. He should call upon you within a short time after coming into your vicinity to reside. Whether he made any further attempt to give you an acquaintance with you would then have been a social duty, and having discharged the duties that etiquette demanded.

MAUD says: "Will you please tell me what will make my complexion fine? It is very coarse. It resembles a pin-cushion after the pins are taken out. It makes me feel very ugly, and I don't like my skin." In the first place you must diet yourself. If you are stout eat just as little as will satisfy your appetite, but do not go hungry. If you are thin eat plenty of vegetables. Eat bread, wheat, and quantities of fruit, and sparingly of meats. Use plenty of grain food, but no puddings, pies, cakes, preserves, or fat food of any kind. Buy a box of water or honey, and take this dose three nights in succession and a Sedition powder after it. Once or twice a month pursue this in order of clearing the system of impurities. Take a cold or tepid water bath daily, rubbing the skin to a glow with coarse towels. Take plenty of exercise and get out of doors several hours a day. Every other night you might take a small dose of taraxacum. Make a drink of cotton, quinine and iron, and take it with water and wear it upon the face. If you have a patience to wear the mask every night for six weeks or two months, and keep up a careful regimen, you will be repaid by possessing a skin fair and soft as a child's.

MARTHA, Memphis, N. Y., writes: "Will you please give me a remedy for moth patches?" Dissolve thirty grains of chlorate of potash in eight ounces of rose-water, and use this wash upon the skin. If this prove ineffectual it is a sign that the spots are the result of deep-seated disease of the liver and it may take six weeks or more to effect a permanent cure; but it can be done. You must eat no pastry, puddings, nor fried food of any kind; and no bread save that made of coarse flour. Let the diet consist entirely of coarse bread, fried broiled meats, vegetables, grain food, and fruit. Eat heartily of all acid fruits, tomatoes, figs, etc. Four nights in a week take a large dose of taraxacum. Any druggist will prepare you these pills. Also, a third of a teaspoonful of chlorate of soda dissolved in a wine glass of water and taken in three doses, one before each meal, will aid in neutralizing the morbid matter in the stomach. This treatment, together with good spirits, pleasing society, and exercise, is the only way in which you can rid yourself of these unpleasant blotches.

NOVICE wishes to know whether a young lady can learn to shoot with a bow and arrow without having an instructor, and she can perfect in archery? As to how long a range should she shoot, what size of bow should she use, and how much does the outfit cost, and how accurate is the use of the bow. She should commence practicing at a range of thirty feet, soon increasing that to forty, and in time to sixty feet—the ordinary range for lady archers. A bow that pulls twenty-five pounds is a good size to use at first; but most ladies wishing to claim use of forty or fifty pounds as soon as they get accustomed to the exercise. The position taken for shooting is with the left side toward the target, the left hand grasping the bow firmly, the left arm is stretched taut, and the head of the arrow rests upon the left hand, and the arrow is drawn back by the thumb and bent fore-finger of the right hand—the right hand is in a level with the ear—until that hand touches the bow. A bow for first practice use may be purchased for \$2. The arrows, especially the pretty painted ones, cost more by the half-dozen than the bow. A three-footed iron stand comes for the target to hang upon, though a wooden stand may be manufactured at home. Targets cost about \$1, each additional cover, which you can easily sew on, 65 cents. Gloves should be worn when shooting. Heavy ones are the best. Where wrist-protectors are used gloves may be dispensed with. You can buy or make your quiver, as best suits your taste and means. The costume for archery is a scant, short skirt, worn with a Breton jacket, or a vest over a linen shirt. Green is the favored color—(leaf-green) with trimmings of white or silver braids.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

CRISTELLA.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The sun went down in a cloud of gold,
To his palace home in the west,
As I bade my love a last good-by,
And held her to my breast.

I felt her heart beat soft and low,
As I held her face to mine;
And looked my last in her dark eyes bright,
On the banks of the river Rhine.

As we marched away in the gathering gloom,
To fields of blood and strife,
I cursed the blackness that hid from view
The purest hope of my life.

On many a field of blood I fought,
When the air was all aflame,
And the while of shot and burst of shell,
To win what the world calls fame.

The fame that came when my heart was sick
With its barren waste of years—
A heart whose hopes lay withered and dead,
Crowned in a wreath of tears.

To-night, as I stand in my palace home—
In my castle proud and grand—
I see from a cottage across the way
The gleam of a fair white hand!

I catch the sound of laughter sweet,
From a woman over there,
And then I see at the cottage door
A face that is strangely fair.

She gazes out in the thickening gloom
Her children's sires to see,
With never a thought, with never a look,
With never a word for me.

Then the cottage door shuts out the gleam
Of the fire-light a cheerful glow,
And I turn and stroll thro' my lonely halls
Black with their shrouds of woe.

Thick and heavy the clouds pass in,
Dividing her life and mine,
As I bid farewell to the one sweet dream,
In my castle by the Rhine.

Love Against Lucre.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

EDNA stood a little back of the droop of the white
shawl curtains that so beautifully and
coolly draped the windows of Mrs. Chessom-
leigh's suit of rooms at the Ocean House, listen-
ing with a courtesy of attention to aunt Ches-
somleigh's remarks, but a courtesy that was
mingled with a pretty little air of half-defiance
and half-deprecation.

"Fortunate! Why, Edna, is it possible you do
not comprehend you are the most fortunate
girl at Long Branch? Only think, child, you
haven't been with me a month yet—not a month
away from the quiet little country farm-house,
and here you've had an offer from Clarence
Cumberland, the most eligible *parti* in society—
rich, handsome and aristocratic."

Mrs. Caleb Chessomleigh looked up from her
bamboo rocker into Edna Hale's fresh, girlish
face that was all pink-and-white, with velvety
bronze-brown eyes and delicate cherry-ripe
lips, and a deeply-cleft chin.

Only four weeks ago she had come to the city
to aunt Chessomleigh's, for a society season at
Long Branch and Newport and the White
Mountains, and here, while the charming nov-
elty was yet at its fullness, she had had the
great honor extended to her that scores of other
girls were in vain languishing for—the honor of
the offer of Mr. Clarence Cumberland's hand
and heart, name and riches.

And Mrs. Chessomleigh was in a triumph of
ecstasy about it.

"You're a perfect little tramp, Edna! To
think—well, there are, at the least, a dozen girls
who will die with envy when they hear of your
engagement, and your mother will be so delight-
ed and gratified! He will give you a solitary
to your ring, I am sure, and I'll see to the
trousseau, my dear, and the bridal tour will
be of course to Europe."

"Oh, aunt Jessie, please give me a chance to
speak. I told you Mr. Cumberland had asked
me to marry him—but—"

She half-smiled, half-frowned as she paused
abruptly.

Mrs. Chessomleigh suddenly stopped twisting
her gleaming amethyst ring. Edna went on,
almost defiantly.

"I refused him, aunt Jessie, because—"

Mrs. Chessomleigh actually started up in her
chair.

"What! Refused him! Refused Clarence
Cumberland! Edna Hale, what are you talking
about?"

A little saucy gleam came into Edna's bronze-
brown eyes.

"Why, Mr. Cumberland, to be sure! Auntie,
you surely do not think I ought to marry a man
more than twice as old as I am—and I am nine-
teen?"

"Of course I think you ought to be proud and
glad of Mr. Cumberland's offer. Good heavens!
Edna, you've thrown away the chance of your
lifetime."

"But, aunt Jessie, I am sure I never can love
him; I never—"

"Stuff and nonsense! What has a child like
you to do with such silly questions? You don't
love him! Upon my word, Edna—what can
you expect in the shape of a husband if Mr.
Cumberland does not suit you—rich, good-look-
ing, aristocratic, influential, and—desperately
in love with you?"

Then Edna's brown eyes flashed, and she drew
her slender, girlish figure up to its fullest
height—such a charming figure, all curves and
dimples, and as willowy as a flower-stem.

"I will tell you what I want, auntie—some-
body I am sure will be all the world to me,
and to whom I'll be all in all. Somebody I
love, and who loves me, dearly, beyond the
possibility of a doubt."

Her face flushed a little as she spoke, but it
colored more vividly as a slow, sarcastic smile,
full of meaning, gathered around Mrs. Chessom-
leigh's color, handsome lips.

"Oh, I begin to understand! Perhaps you
are becoming interested in that young scape-
grace of a fellow who is Mr. Cumberland's
second or third cousin, or something of the
like—that young Glenmorris?"

Edna stood her ground bravely.

"Yes, aunt Jessie, Hugh is, and I have
the possibility of a doubt."

"Hugh! You call him 'Hugh'?"

Edna laughed in spite of herself at the genu-
ine horror depicted on Mrs. Chessomleigh's face.

"Why should I not? You have not allowed
me to tell you why I call him Hugh; it is the
same reason why I refused Mr. Cumberland;
because I am engaged to marry Mr. Glenmorris."

Mrs. Chessomleigh actually gasped with hor-
ror.

"Edna Hale! It cannot be possible you are
engaged to Hugh Glenmorris! Why he hasn't
a dollar in the world above his salary, and I
know—mind, I positively know—Mr. Cumber-
land will never leave him a penny."

"As if I want Hugh to have Mr. Cumber-
land's money! I love Hugh for himself, auntie,
and you will see how happy we will be, and
then you will admit that I know best, after
all. You're not going to be angry, aunt Jessie?"

Mrs. Chessomleigh had arisen in great dig-
nity that was almost wrath, but a sight of the
girl's sweet, coaxing face interrupted the
haughty departure she contemplated.

"You certainly are old enough to have your
way, Edna," she said, coldly, stiffly; "but I am
not willing to be responsible for you, further.
I shall write the particulars to your parents,
and request them to send for you. I cannot
look my friend Cumberland in the face and
know that an inmate of my house, a member
of my family has been so absurdly—absurd. I
can find no better word."

It was that same afternoon that Mr. Clarence
Cumberland drove up to the doors of the Ocean
House with his team of high-stepping black
mares, their glittering gold-mounted harness
and white-tasseled ear-nets, and his elegant
barouche with its liveried coachman and foot-
man, and asked for Miss Hale, to receive there
and then the greatest surprise that had ever

befallen him in his long, selfish career—the sur-
prise of the refusal of his offer at little Miss
Edna's fair hands.

But Edna was not to be persuaded or scolded
or reasoned into reconsidering her decision. She
simply said she loved Hugh Glenmorris, and
was engaged to him, and that nothing any one
could say would change it.

Nor did she retreat from her stand when
there came a long letter from home, wherein
her mother expostulated and coaxed and gave
lots of good advice; for her father almost
was harsh to her because she had let such a
rare opportunity pass by; wherein Sue and
Minnie, her older and younger sisters, frankly
expressed their astonishment and envy.

It was somewhat of a curious compilation, as
aunties stood just behind Mrs. Chessomleigh
in one of her distantly dignified moods, and
politely but positively insisted that, since Edna
had thrown off her yoke of authority, she should
return to her home.

While Edna's parents were equally determined
that Edna should stay where she was and give
the Golden Prince sufficient encouragement to
renew his magnificent offer.

Edna waited patiently a few days—days when
her pride and her heart were touched sorely—
days when she felt herself ill-used by every
one in all the world but Hugh Glenmorris.

"What shall I do?" she said to him, after a
day or so had gone by.

They were driving leisurely along Ocean ave-
nue in Mr. Glenmorris's neat little buggy, the
sweet salt air blowing on Edna's face that had
grown a trifle paler than its usual fairness these
last few days.

Hugh's heart gave a great thrill of tender
pity and passionate love for her—this little dar-
ling who had deliberately refused so much for
him.

"I can tell you what to do," he said; and
thereupon he told her his own story, and what
the words, which prepared Edna for what he
said.

"I have often wondered if you would think I
rejoiced in the circumstances that surround you.
I was afraid you would think me selfish; but,
Edna, why not let us be married at once? Why
not now—right away, this afternoon? My va-
cation is up and we can go back to town to-mor-
row and begin our new life. Say yes, Edna,
won't you?"

Why should she not say yes? She sat thrill-
ing and trembling with the sudden, exquisite
happiness offered her, and she watched her lovely
face as she looked out on the billowy sea as if
seeking an answer of advice.

Then she turned toward him, laying one fair
hand on his sleeve, her frank, glad eyes looking
straightly at him.

"Hugh, I do think it will be best."

And then, Mr. Glenmorris touched up his
horse, and drove into Long Branch village, and
inquired for the Methodist parsonage, and when
they drove along Ocean avenue again, in the
distance, looking back, Edna was Hugh
Glenmorris's wife—just a little agitated, a little
pale on account of the hasty marriage and the
necessity involved of immediately telling her
aunt Jessie on her return to the hotel—pale and
a trifle nervous, until a sudden exclamation
from Mr. Glenmorris made her forget herself,
and everything else except the fact that a team
of runaway horses, with foam-speckled breasts
and glittering harness, was tearing down the
road, the lines tangling in their thundering feet,
the elegant barouche behind them rocking and
swaying in its mad career from side to side of
the drive.

It passed them like a wild flash, just as Edna
heard her husband's horrified words:

"It is my uncle's turnout! Edna—for God's
sake, turn your head away—"

For there on the broad, beautiful thorough-
fare, a crowd was rapidly gathering around a
prostrate figure, one glimpse of which had been
enough to show Mr. Glenmorris that it was
Clarence Cumberland's dead body—cut, and
bloody, and ghastly pale and rigid.

Two or three hours later, Rayner Melwood
touched Hugh Glenmorris on the shoulder as he
was slowly pacing to and fro on the deserted
balcony.

"I suppose you have no idea what a wealthy
man your uncle destroyed. His will this morn-
ing in which he left all his property to some
heathenish institution, and the conse-
quence is, you are sole heir, being next and
only of kin. I congratulate you on his neglect,
my boy."

So Mr. Cumberland riches came to Edna, after
all—brave, loyal little girl that she was, who re-
fused to barter love for gold.

And her parents and sisters never seem to
remember that there was a time when they
hated the very sound of Hugh's name, while
aunt Chessomleigh's dotage on "Don't Hugh's
wife" equally with "Edna's husband—such a
splendid fellow, you know!" for, is not that just
the way of the world?

THE WINNING LAR;
OR,
THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the
College boys of Harvard, of the great boat-
race, of woman's love, man's treachery,
and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND
KIT," "THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS
NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF
NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.
MR. GRAY'S LITTLE GAME.

GRAY, from his place of concealment in the
yard, had overheard all that had passed within
the room, and his quick wits at once had de-
vised a plan to turn the matter to his own ad-
vantage.

He was considerably astonished at the discov-
ery of the relationship that existed between the
old tramp and the pretty Winifred, for he had
had no suspicion at all of the thing. A mere
whim of the moment had impressed him with
the design of playing the spy for the purpose
of discovering what the tramp's business was with
the doctor; but he had had no idea when he en-
tered upon the thing that it would so turn that
he could use it to advantage.

But with the revelation of the mystery there
flashed a scheme into his head which he could
profitably use by the unexpected events.

And so he had followed the old vagabond up
closely, when he left the garden, overheard his
muttered words and accosted him as we have
related.

Milligan turned in alarm.

"Ed, what's that? What do you mean?" he cried,
not exactly knowing what to make of it.

"Just what I say, Jerry; let me in for a share
and I'll make a good thing out of it for both of
us."

"What do you mean? Blame me if I under-
stand what you are driving at!" Milligan was
a pretty old bird, and not to be easily caught.
Of course from Gray's manner he suspected
that he knew something of what had trans-
pired, but had no idea that he had overheard
every word.

"Oh, you know very well," Gray answered,
in his careless way. "You've got a good thing,
but you don't know how to handle it."

Milligan was very much inclined to be sus-
picious.

"What is it you're arter? Blow me tight, if I
know!" he declared.

"Why, I'm after a share of that whack of
four hundred dollars a month which you didn't
succeed in getting, and which you'll never get
without some better head to manage the job
than that noddle that you've got on your shoul-
ders, my friend."

"Say, how did you come to know anything
'bout it?" the tramp asked, astonished at the in-
formation of the other.

"Why, when you told me you had business
with the doctor, you excited my curiosity, and
therefore I 'piped' you off, and snugly hid un-
der a bush in the garden, I saw you enter the
doctor's parlor and overheard every word that
passed."

"Well, may I be blessed! if that wasn't a
smart trick!" exclaimed the tramp, in admira-
tion.

"Oh, I'm up to a thing or two, once in a
while."

"And you think that I can't manage the job?"
cried the tramp, in a tone of scorn.

"You're right, my friend, but no tramp or
criminal; the head of a training stable, a man
likely to be a little rough in speech and manner;
such a character the old tramp could get along
with very well, and Gray had little fear that
the simple girl would detect the cheat. Besides,
the very fact that the man pretended to be in
his service would be sure to lull suspicion."

A deal of trouble Mr. Harry Gray was tak-
ing and for quite a small stake, one acquainted
with the man would have remarked, nor was
the sporting Beacon-street at all the sort of
gentleman that one would suppose could be
tempted to enter into a partnership with such
an unsavory wretch as Jerry Milligan.

CHAPTER XXI.
CARRYING IT OUT.

The conspirators met at the time agreed upon.
Milligan had already visited a barber, been
shaven, had his hair cut and in part enjoyed a
general "titivating" up.

"Hallo! you look like a different man al-
ready!" Gray exclaimed, as he surveyed his
tool.

Gray had selected an early hour and a spot
where he would not be apt to meet any acquaint-
ances for a meeting-place; besides, there was an
abundance of cheap, ready-made clothing stores
in the immediate vicinity where Milligan could
be refitted.

The part that the arch plotter had assigned to
the old tramp was not a difficult one and it fitted
him; a plain, common man, but no tramp or
criminal; the head of a training stable, a man
likely to be a little rough in speech and manner;
such a character the old tramp could get along
with very well, and Gray had little fear that
the simple girl would detect the cheat. Besides,
the very fact that the man pretended to be in
his service would be sure to lull suspicion."

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gentleman that one would suppose could be
tempted to enter into a partnership with such
an unsavory wretch as Jerry Milligan.

But Harry Gray was a shrewd fellow as men
go, nowadays, and, as a general rule, he al-
ways had more than one string to his bow.

To one scheme he had devoted himself with
great determination, and that was, by either
fair means or foul to compass the defeat of the
Harvard crew in the coming race with the Yale
boys; good reason had he to work, for both for-
tune and reputation depended upon it. If the
crimson hulkers of the Yale crew, and the heads
of the Harvard men, came first over the win-
ning line, he was a ruined man; but if, on the
contrary, the blue of Yale led the way past the
judge's boat, with a new fortune and an upright
life he might try a fresh deal in the game of
life.

His first move in the desperate plan to
"throw" the race and insure that Yale should
win, no matter if the Harvard crew was by far
the best, was to remove Winny from Bub's
sight.

Bub was the stroke-car—the winning car, as
he was proudly called by his admirers—and
there were many of the Harvard crew; if Bub
was tampered with—we do not mean in a mo-
ney sense, for Gray knew his cousin well enough
to understand that there wasn't gold enough in
this world to tempt the stroke-car to a dishonest
action—but if by some accident—some trick he
could be removed from his place in the Harvard
boat on the day of the race, and the crew be
forced to put another man in his seat the chances
were ten to one that Harvard, rowing at such a
disadvantage, would lose the race.

This was a difficult task, but this was the task
that Gray had taken upon himself—the task
which he had sworn to accomplish if it was
within the power of mortal man to do it.

The second move was to induce Bub to follow
the girl to New York, by so doing he would be
obliged to neglect his training and so endanger
the success of his crew.

The third move we shall see anon, and this
was to be the crowning stroke of all.

With Gray's money Milligan purchased a neat,
dark suit of clothes, a new shirt, collar and
neck-tie, stockings, shoes, hat—in fact, a com-
plete outfit from top to toe, and when he had
discarded his rags and donned his new "togs,"
as he termed them, he made a very presentable
appearance.

"Now we'll head right for Cambridge," Gray
said, after the transformation was completed
and the disreputable-looking tramp had, by the
aid of the great miracle-worker, plenty of money,
been made over into quite a decent-looking man.

"I want to get the girl away while Bub is
absent," Gray explained. "You can say to her
that, as the party will be apt to be very pain-
ful, you think it will be better for her to write
to him."

"But then he'll know where she is!" Milligan
suggested.

"You fool! won't you have the posting of the
letters?" Gray asked, tartly.

"My stars! what a head you've got!"
On the way to Cambridge in the horse-car,
which happened by the way to be sparingly pa-
tronized, Gray took particular care to drill the
tramp again into the part which he was to play,
and the old scamp, being quick to learn mischief,
like all his class, soon convinced the master-
mind, that he would not fail in his "trick."

And so about ten o'clock that morning the
good doctor, when he heard the door-bell sound
and went to admit the visitor, was decidedly
astonished to recognize in the well-dressed, well-
appearing stranger, the unsavory old tramp
whose appearance had kicked up such a bobby
on the previous evening.

"A little joke of mine," he explained, grave-
ly, to the astonished doctor. "Thank you, doc-
tor, I am able to care for the gal as she ought to
be cared for."

The doctor hastened to tell Winny of the won-
derful change in the appearance of Jeremiah
Milligan, her long-absent father, and the girl
upon entering the parlor where the old man sat
trying his best to look respectable, was really
surprised, although she had been prepared for
the change by the doctor's statement.

Briefly, and as politely and gentlemanly as
possible, he told her the whole story, and then
the yarn which the wily Mr. Harry Gray had
concocted, and the girl accepted it, of course,
for literal truth.

A weight was taken off her mind when she
discovered that the author of her being was not
really a wicked, miserable tramp, the compan-
ion of prison-birds and felons, a man who had
tasted the hospitalities of nearly every jail in
the county.

To her mind there was no disgrace in honest
poverty, and when the old man explained that
for years he had been counted out of training
stables devoted to the preparation of fast horses
for racing purposes, she no longer wondered at
his sometime uncouth sayings, for she under-
stood enough of the world, young as she was,
and that that the horseman fraternity almost have
a knowledge of the world.

As gently and delicately as possible—just as
he had been instructed by Gray—he spoke of the
stroke-car, and hinted that he did not believe in
the admiration of that young gentleman, and
that as far as he, Mr. Milligan, was concerned,
he would be pleased if the gentleman Gray had
said to himself and troubled not the abode of the
Milligans with his presence.

Winny did not attempt to defend her lover's
truth, although in her own mind she would as
soon believe that the sun would sink some day,
or rise again, as to believe that such was the
very soul of honor and truth.

The future, too, now looked a great deal
brighter to the girl, for since her father had
turned out to be quite a decent sort of man, and
there was no taint upon her name, who could
tell where he came from, and that he was the
most honest and truthful fellow which
she believed him to be.

Winny demurred at first to the sudden de-
parture, but, after consulting the doctor, took
his advice and concluded to go. As he explained
to her, "Under the circumstances it is just
as well that you should go at once, perhaps a
great deal better. You can write, you know."

To tell the truth, the doctor was anxious to
see how Lawrence would act. In his heart the
old gentleman was somewhat afraid that Bub
might give the young man a fine chance to make
up his mind, if he did waver at all, between two
rival fair ones.

And so Winny departed from the house
which had sheltered her for so many years;
went forth into that wide world from whence

the charity of the good doctor and his wife had
snatched her so many years ago.

A poor little lamb consigned to the care of as
remorseless a wolf as ever lapped human blood.

When Bub returned home to dinner and found
Winny gone, he stormed terribly.

"It is all a trick," he cried, "to take Winny
from me; but I'll baffle the plot; I'll put detec-
tives on the track at once."

But the doctor persuaded him out of this
course by representing its folly.

"Wait patiently for a few days; then she will
write, say how she is situated, and you can go
and see her, if you like."

Bub finally came to the conclusion that this
was the wisest plan, but in regard to the won-
derful transformation of the old tramp he was
utterly incredulous.

"It is some trick! some trick!" he kept re-
peating; "that fellow is a villain and a thief! Didn't I have to knock him down twice on the
highway before he would give up the gold-piece
which he stole from Winny? and they were no
love-taps that I gave him, either! I heard his
ribs crack the first time, but he was game
enough to come for a second dose."

In vain the doctor explained to Bub what Mr.
Milligan had explained to him, thanks to crafty
Harry Gray's cunning brain, that the attack on
the highway was only a device to persuade the
two girls that he was nothing but an old tramp,
so that he would be received and recognized as
such when he came to the house, and that he
knew the ladies all the time.

But, to use the language dear to the heart of
the police-reporter, the stroke-car "wouldn't
have it at all."

"No, no!" he kept exclaiming; "wait and see!
that fellow is a rascal! there isn't an honest bone
in his body! If I didn't feel sure that Winny
is a strong, self-willed, resolute girl when
roused, and capable of taking care of herself, I
would go in search of her at once!"

And while the stroke-car was fretting over
the girl's departure, never dreaming that it was
a blow aimed at himself, Mr. Harry Gray made
another move.

CHAPTER XXII.

WEAVING THE WEB.

ABOUT ten o'clock on the next morning Mr.
Harry Gray sauntered into the garden of the
Woodbine Inn, took a good look around him as
though he expected to see some one, and then,
with an air of disappointment, seated himself at
one of the tables in the little arbors.

The old man came forth to wait upon his
guest.

"I expected to see Bub here," Gray explained.
"He has not been here this morning, yet."

"I suppose that I am a little early for him,"
the young man remarked, carelessly.

"Yes; Mr. Lawrence doesn't often get here as
early as this."

"By the way, Mr. Googage, could you cook
me a chop? I was rather late last night and
I had no appetite for breakfast."

The old man shook his head soberly.

"Ah, Mr. Grahame, you ought to take care of
yourself, and, begging your pardon, was Mr.
Lawrence with you? The old man appeared to be
quite anxious about this point.

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Because it's against orders, Mr. Grahame,"
replied the old man, evidently annoyed.

"Against orders?"

"Yes, sir; he's in training now—in training,
you know, for two months."

"Oh, a night's fun now and then won't do him
any harm!" Gray exclaimed, laughing as if the
matter were rather a good joke than otherwise.

Again the old trainer shook his head very
gravely.

"Ah, that sort of talk has cost many a good
man pretty dear. Why, Mr. Harrison, the
training is everything. Put a man in the ring
that ain't fit—that's either overtrained or under-
trained; or on the track for a race; or in a boat,
where for twenty minutes or so he has to give
every pound of strength that he's got; the few
ounces of good flesh that he's lost, or the few
ounces of useless fat that he's got on him will
be mighty apt to fix him so that his backers will
look ask afore the thing is over. No, Mr. Har-
rison, don't you run away with the idea that it
don't make any difference if a man does let up
in his training now and then; it's just the ruin-
ation of the professional man wot is a depending
on his muscle and his wind for to pull him
through; and, Mr. Grahame, you would be a do-
ing of Mr. Lawrence a service if you were to
just to hint to him that this all-night work is
the worst thing in the world for him. He's the
stroke-car of the crew, you know, the best man
that sits in the boat, and if on the home-stretch
he gives out, owing to lack of training, why, then
the Harvard cake will fall dough."

"Well, I hope not, for I stand to lose about
thirty thousand dollars if the right boat don't
come in ahead," Gray remarked, in his light and
airy way.

"Thirty thousand dollars!" the innkeeper
cried, indulging in a prolonged whistle, indica-
tive of great amazement; "why, you don't
mean to tell me that you've got that much
money on the race?"

"And why not; isn't it a sure thing?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Grahame, that ain't nothing
sure in this world except death. I've seen so
many sure things bust up that I've come to the
conclusion that it ain't safe to holler till the
event is pulled off."

"But there is no doubt that the Harvard crew
are much to the test," Gray unrepentantly
says so, and then, look at the odds that they
command in the betting."

"Yes, that's so; and I don't blame the men
that's putting up their money to back their
opinions; but then, you know, Mr. Harrison, an
accident might upset the odds. The crew are
as good as any ever sat in a boat, but then
s'pose any one of them should happen to be
taken sick, and a fresh man put in, of course
the two substitutes are good men, but if Bub don't
come to the scratch, where's the man to fill his
place?"

"Well, now that you put it in that light, I
don't know but that you are right," Gray said,
seriously, and speaking as if he had never re-
flected upon the subject before; he was a per-
fect master of the art of dissimulation.

"Of course I'm right!" old Googage exclaim-
ed, earnestly.

"And Mr. Grahame, if you don't want to
hazard the loss of your money, for
Heaven's sake advise Bub not to neglect his
training, but to leave no stone unturned for
to get himself fit to row for a man's life on the day
of the race."

"All right; I will; you can depend upon me!
I suppose you have got considerable invested
upon the race?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Harrison, not a cent," replied
the innkeeper, with a regretful air as if he la-
mented that such was the fact.

"You astonish me! I had an idea from the
opinion that I knew you possessed regarding the
crew that you would invest about all you could
raise on the event."

"I'm a member of the church, Mr. Grahame,
and I try to live up to it, and I've given up all
such devilry a long time ago. It ain't no harm
for

The tramp business was move No. 1, and this was move No. 2.

"She'll serve it in a jiffy!" And then the old man hurried into the house to give the necessary orders.

"Everything goes on splendidly!" Gray muttered to himself, complacently. "I shall succeed, I am sure of it! This girl must get out of this. I want her in New York where she can serve my purpose as a lode-stone to attract my dear cousin, old Harvard's winning ear, as they term him, but I'll bet a trifle that in his next race, whether he sits in the boat or out of it, his crew will not come in ahead."

Old George again emerged from the cottage.

"You'll be served in a few minutes, sir, and I hope you'll excuse me," he said.

"Oh, yes."

The innkeeper departed, and hardly had he disappeared down the street before the girl came from the house with the ginger ale.

"Will you have your chop here, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please, and are you going to cook it?"

"Yes, sir."

"They would never believe this in New York if I were to tell them, would they?" he exclaimed.

A shade of annoyance passed over the pretty face of the girl.

"Ah, but I hope that you will not tell them," she replied. "I trust that you will keep my secret there as well as here."

"Oh, you can rely implicitly upon my discretion."

"But I say, wouldn't you like to have Bub know your true position in the world?" the tempter asked, insidiously.

The girl colored up for a moment; the bare mention of the stroke-car's name always brought the tell-tale blood into her cheeks.

"Why, what difference should it make to me?" she asked.

"Oh, come, why do you beat about the bush?" he replied. "Do you think that I am blind—do you think that I haven't known of the flirtation which has been going on between you and my cousin? Why it is all over town that he is over head and ears in love with you."

"In love with Doctor Nobody's daughter, you mean," she retorted, two bright pink spots appearing in her cheeks, "and what chance do I stand—I, the innkeeper's daughter, against that young lady?"

The girl spoke bitterly, and she glanced down with a scornful air at the common print dress she wore.

"Aha! I see that you haven't heard the news."

"What news?" she asked.

"About the young lady who was supposed to be the doctor's daughter."

"Supposed to be! Why, is there any doubt about it?"

"Well, yes, rather, considering that an aged tramp, who rejoices in the name of Jerry Ligan, has made his appearance, and claimed the girl as his child!"

"Why, it is just like a story!" she exclaimed.

"And does the doctor admit that the man's claim is correct?"

"Oh, yes; and, what is more, he has yielded the girl to his care, and by this time she is on the way to her new home."

"And where is that do you know?" The girl was curious regarding her rival.

"Oh, yes; Boston, I believe, is where the old wretch lives; and so, you see, at one sudden and unexpected blow poor Winifred is hurled to poverty and disgrace."

"Disgrace?"

"Yes, that is the proper word; this new-found father is a regular old rascal; no first-class scoundrel, you know, who has thrived by his roguery, but a mean, vulgar, old tramp, who has probably seen the inside of more prisons than he has fingers and toes."

The girl was silent for a few moments, evidently meditating deeply upon this startling and unexpected news, and Gray watched her narrowly, a cunning look in his shrewd eyes.

"It must have been a dreadful blow to the poor girl," she said, at last.

"Yes, it was, and a dreadful blow to Lawrence, too."

"And—what does he think of it?" she asked.

"I should thought that if he cared for her he would have at once volunteered to take her away from the life of misery to which she is evidently doomed unless some friendly hand is outstretched to save her."

"So he did, and the old tramp eagerly jumped at the chance to sell the girl, but she, as proud as a tragedy queen, spurned the offer. She plainly told Bub before all of us there that there was now a gulf between them that could not be spanned, and that henceforth they would be as strangers to each other."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Kate, in wonder.

"Yes, and now comes your chance! Be guided by me, and I'll engage that in less than a month Bub shall be at your feet!"

"To be continued—commenced in No. 445."

AT NIGHT.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

The clinking of the wava,
Like the fall of silver keys,
Sent up an endless tune
To me and the moon.

As we watched above the seas,
Far off a shining ship
Shone through the dew to me
As out she sped again
To strands of gold and gain
O'er the lonely, lonely sea.

Forward her pennon streamed
Upon the forward breeze,
And her farwells sailed grey white
From the faces of the night,
And the moon, and the seas.

"Oh, lothful, lessening sails,
What eyes," I cried, "for ye
Are straining into tears
To pierce the patient years
That shall hold ye to the seas!"

"Oh, aching hearts that wait,
And mournful souls that flee,
May never your sorrow know
The dread life-taking blow
Of the summons of the sea."

And ever the wave made tune
Up to the moon and me,
And a parting gleam came back
From the far ship's trailing track
As she crossed the brim of the sea.

Equality Eph,

The Outlaw of the Chaparral;

OR,

SPORT AND PERIL IN TEXAS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HAPPY JACK AND PARD," "THE CALIFORNIANS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

WOLVES OF THE CHAPARRAL.

As their comrades fell before that unerring rifle, as Martin uttered that fear-inspiring name, as they beheld the man or demon concerning whom so many wild and thrilling tales were told, the outlaws shrunk back as from the plague, and some among their number seemed about to seek safety in headlong flight.

With a cry of mortified rage the young woman, Missouri Belle, spurred her pony forward, her eyes flashing fire.

"Twenty men cowed by a single man—and he with the life-blood of your comrades staining his hands! Go! hide your heads, you pitiful cowards! I will avenge poor Conrade myself!"

Straight toward the black rider the excited girl rode, and as the spotted pony carried her within pistol range, she drew a revolver and fired shot after shot in swift succession.

Mark Bird, bound and disarmed though he

was, urged forward the horse which he bestrode behind his cousin, not thinking of the danger he was courting, only seeing the fair young girl rushing to such an unequal encounter, deserted by those whose duty it was to guard and defend her.

The black rider remained motionless, his eyes riveted upon the form of Missouri Belle as she charged down upon him, a glorious vision. Motionless until the leaden bullets began whistling viciously around him, and it seemed as though the fair road-agent was fated to avenge the death of her follower. But then, without a word or gesture, the Death Shot wheeled his horse and sped away over the level plain.

This seemed to restore in a degree the usual courage of the outlaws, and with Martin at their head, they put their animals to speed and thundered along the triple trail.

Belle urged her pony on with voice and spur, but all her efforts were in vain. The black horse forged ahead until its rider was beyond pistol range, then steadily maintained its advantage without seeming effort, though the spotted mustang was straining every nerve to its utmost tension.

For over a mile the chase swept on. Martin and his comrades had overtaken the doubly-burdened horse ridden by the cousins. Missouri Belle, at length satisfied that it was beyond the powers of her pony to overtake the black rider, relaxed her exertions and rejoined the outlaws.

"Is there no horse here that can come up with that demon? I will give one hundred dollars to the man that takes either of them!"

"As well chase the wind!" muttered Martin, sullenly. "That is no mortal man and horse. A bullet flattens against his breast and a knife shivers like a bit of glass. He is a demon—he and his horse! He is just playing with us. Or trying to lead us into some trap or pitfall. I will face flesh and blood long as any man, but I'll not fight against spirits."

"And you are the one my father has chosen to succeed him—acoward, doubly doped!" flashed Missouri Belle. "Not a word of the right of your craven face is enough, without the idle buzzing of your tongue. Forward, men! Remember poor Conrade!"

A wild cheer greeted this fiery speech, and the chase swept on through the high grass with redoubled vigor and determination. Not the least interested were the cousins. Eagerly they watched the fugitive. Though the outlaws were urging their horses on with bloody spur, the black steed was holding his own, and was simply pacing.

"What did I say?" suddenly cried Martin. "Is that a mortal horse?"

The Death Shot turned in his saddle and waved one hand in a mocking defiance. The black horse shot forward like an arrow fresh from the bow, running low, smooth and with marvelous swiftness, leaving the outlaws so rapidly that by contrast their animals appeared to be creeping.

On like a swallow the black horse sped; and then vanished as though the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him up!

Uneasy glances passed between the outlaws. Superstitious as most evil beings are, bronzed faces grow pale at the sight of such a thing. Missouri Belle did not entirely escape, but her voice was steady and determined:

"There is some trick in this. I am going to solve the mystery. Those who are afraid can wait my return."

"Look yonder!" and a gray-bearded outlaw pointed straight ahead, far beyond the point where the Death Shot had so suddenly disappeared.

"Horsemen, and coming this way. It may be the rangers."

Missouri Belle drew rein and producing a small but powerful field-glass from her pocket, carefully scanned the distant group.

"They are Indians," she said, finally, restoring the glass to her pocket. "I cannot make out their number, but it is not greater than half a dozen."

"You called me a craven, Miss Arkwright," cried Martin. "I will show you how well I deserve the name. They, at least, are flesh and blood. I followed before, now I will lead!"

Side by side he and Martin raced, closely followed by the others who, now that they were about to deal with an enemy whom they could understand, seemed to forget their fears and superstitions.

"A nice fight we're in to be fighting Indians!" said Mark to Kirke, in a tone of utter disgust. "Can't you manage to pull the cursed brute up?"

"No. We can roll off, if things get too badly mixed up. Better to raise the back than be spit on one of those lances."

The Indians were apparently nothing loth, and the two parties swiftly neared each other until, when less than half a mile separated them, the old robber cried:

"They're Lipans—I can see old Grizzly Paw!"

The Indians appeared to make a somewhat similar discovery at nearly the same instant, for, coming to a halt, one of their number raised his buffalo-robe high in the air, a signal of peace. Missouri Belle and Martin also drew rein, but from a very different cause. At their feet lay a narrow but deep crevasse or barranca.

"Look!" and the girl's voice rung with scorn as she pointed to the bottom of the ravine where the sandy soil was deeply scored with hoof-prints. "There is your mystery—there is where your phantom horse leaped down! A very substantial trail for a spirit to leave behind!"

Raising her voice she hailed the Lipan chief, and as he approached, she gave a brief detail of what had occurred.

"Let half a dozen of your braves join as many of my men and follow the trail. The rest will ride along the edge. Capture the assassin alive, if possible; but dead or alive he must not escape."

This plan was quickly carried out. The trail was followed down the barranca, which deepened and grew wider as the men advanced. The nature of the bottom altered, as well, growing hard and flinty, covered with gravel and stones, among which the trail was soon lost.

Nor could the closest search detect any further trace of the mysterious rider or his horse. Grizzly Paw himself descended and sought long and closely, only to confess himself baffled at length.

Martin smiled grimly as Missouri Belle gave the word to retrace their steps, but he said nothing; and he was wise. The fair road-agent was not in the most propitious humor.

Passing around the head of the barranca, the united forces rode on their way. Martin and Grizzly Paw, riding a little apart, were conversing eagerly, and when they came abreast of a small timber mottle, the young outlaw accompanied the Lipans to their encampment.

Half an hour later he overtook the party, and riding beside Missouri Belle, he made a communication that appeared to excite her not a little. Mark Bird, ever on the alert, caught something about a captive—"a girl—a companion for you—along with." He listened eagerly, but could hear nothing further than these disjointed words.

The sun had disappeared nearly an hour when the party left the prairie and entered a dense chaparral, following a narrow, winding trail, in single file, for what seemed to the weary captives an interminable distance. Finally they emerged into a spacious clearing or glade, thickly dotted with little patches of trees and shrubbery.

Near the center of this opening several small fires gleamed brightly, and by their rays the prisoners could make out a number of small, rude brush huts.

Martin grasped the bridle of the horse they rode, and led him through the cluster of huts, pausing before a building conspicuously larger and neater than the rest. Leaving them for a moment he entered the door, then returned and cutting the things at their ankles, bade them dismount and follow him. With some difficulty they obeyed, and entering the building, found themselves in a square, fairly illuminated room.

A tall, stout-built man lay upon a pile of robes and blankets. At a nod from him, Martin held the rude oil-lamp down to the faces of first one and then the other of the cousins.

"That will do," growled the invalid, with a curse. "You have made no mistake. But to make sure—your names?"

Realizing the utter folly of obstinacy, the cousins replied.

"Good enough! You came to Texas in answer to a letter from one David Woodson?"

"You will excuse our answering that question until we are better convinced of your right to ask it," coldly replied the invalid.

"The right of might, young man. You are in my power—I can do with you as I will. One word from my lips will condemn you to death or give you life. If you are wise you will remember this. But don't mind answering me. I am David Woodson. There I am not well enough to say more. Martin, put them in the cage, and leave their hands bound. Set a close guard over them. Go, now!"

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The instructions of the outlaw chief were promptly and thoroughly carried out by Martin and his fellows. The two prisoners were led through the little collection of huts and thrust into an oblong structure of logs. The door was closed and barred upon them, and as they stood in the utter darkness, the cousins could distinctly hear Martin giving the man placed upon guard his orders.

"Allow no one to approach the jug without the pass-word, and if either of the prisoners attempts to escape, shoot him down—and don't waste your shot, either!"

"Prime comfort, that!" uttered Mark, with a faint laugh. "Seems to me we're seeing the elephant in sober earnest, Kirke. I don't want you to think I am weakening, but I'd give all my old boots for just one glimpse of the old hunter and his outlaws. I don't mind, I believe we've been on a wild-goose chase from the first."

"Not altogether," replied Howard, earnestly. "He may be dead, but he did not die on that night. Remember what we found in the grave. We know that his teeth were double all around, in front as well as on the sides; the skull we found was not thus furnished."

"Well, I hope you're right. But about this fellow who wrote that letter?"

"He may have written the letters, but I am pretty well convinced that the real David Woodson is dead and buried. Five different men have since settled upon the spot of his death, and the manner in which his skull was mended, and I proved the truth of their statement. As for this man—this captain of outlaws—I do not know what to think. He puzzles me."

"Don't try to think, then. Take it easy, like me. The solution will come soon enough. I only wish I could be as sure about my trouble. Where have I met that little spitfire on the painted mustang? Somewhere, some time, I am almost sure. That face and figure are a combination I could not easily forget. And yet, I can't place her, to save me!"

"Do you know what I have been thinking?" slowly responded Howard. "I believe this is the woman you met that evening at the Gold-faces grow pale at the sight of her. I don't believe I can be mistaken."

Mark was completely taken by surprise, but gradually the truth seemed to dawn upon his mind, and ere long he felt morally certain that the man who had been the road-agent were indeed one and the same person.

For nearly an hour longer the cousins crouched down together in one corner of the square room, discussing their peculiar situation. From their setting foot upon Texas soil, an atmosphere of peculiar mystery had enveloped them. Their search had been one of constant succession of surprises, and though they had learned much that was new and startling to them, they seemed no nearer the desired end than when they started. David Woodson, who fell among them like a bomb-shell and scattered its marvelous tidings through the family ranks.

"Hist!" softly muttered Mark, nudging his cousin.

Somewhere from out the darkness came the low, subdued sound of sobbing. With heightened curiosity the cousins listened, and finally locating the sound, or rather the direction from which it proceeded, they rose and stole along the side of the room and paused at the southern end.

The sobbing grew fainter, then died away. A few moments later a low, troubled voice was heard, raising a low, hoarse wailing cry, mingled with bated breath. They knew now that they were listening to a woman or girl. She was praying for help from on high to strengthen her in the trial to come, for protection against some one whom she feared.

There were no names mentioned, nor did it seem as though the woman could guess her story or condition, other than that she was a captive like themselves.

"But I'm going to find out," muttered Mark, as he made a dash for the door. "These logs don't touch; I can pull out some of the chinking, I guess."

Howard made no reply. Of a far less mercenary disposition than Mark, he had a heart open for the one duty to which he had so solemnly dedicated his life. At least, so he believed, then. The day was not far distant when his eyes were to be opened.

Pressing his back close to the wall, Mark forced that which worked his fingers quick and adroitly, and with dogged persistence he dug at the hard clay "dabbing" until he succeeded in loosening several small bits. Pausing for rest, he turned around, and was greatly surprised to see that his work was done! A slender ray of light was streaming through the aperture, and with dogged persistence he dug at the hard clay "dabbing" until he succeeded in loosening several small bits. Pausing for rest, he turned around, and was greatly surprised to see that his work was done! A slender ray of light was streaming through the aperture, and with dogged persistence he dug at the hard clay "dabbing" until he succeeded in loosening several small bits. Pausing for rest, he turned around, and was greatly surprised to see that his work was done! 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gency, and impressed each detail upon his mind. Rising in his stirrups he cast a quick, sweeping glance around him. A hissing curse passed his lips as he glanced at the animal around and faced the back trail. His eyes opened wider, and he brushed one hand across them as though to clear his vision.

"Gone! and I could have sworn that some one was dogging me! I saw him plain as day. Has he hidden? I don't see any cover, but I may be a nut."

Overton drew a revolver and assured himself that the cylinder worked freely, and that the caps were well down upon their nipples. Holding the weapon ready for instant use he gave his horse free rein and trotted swiftly along upon his own trail, his eyes roving keenly, closely scrutinizing every foot of the ground. He rode beyond the spot where he had seen, or fancied he saw, the spy, then rapidly quartered the ground in every direction, though the prairie grass did not seem high enough to cover a dog, much less a man.

"It must have been fancy," Overton muttered at length, drawing rein for a last careful glance around him. "There is no one here. I must have sighted him if he had tried to run away. And yet—I could have sworn that a man was following me, aloof. I don't know what to think of it. Three times, now, have I been tricked in this same way. Is some one dogging me, or—can it be that I am haunted?"

As these words dropped from his lips, Overton swept his eyes around swiftly, and a peculiar tremor crept over him. Then, with a forced laugh, he plunged his spurs deep into the flanks of his mustang and dashed away, muttering:

"Man or spook, whichever it is, will need light heels to follow me now!"

For nearly an hour the half-breed kept up this rate of speed, then drew rein at the top of a small knoll, the only rising ground there was for miles around. Dismounting he drew a small powder-flask from his pocket, and pouring a portion of its contents into the palm of his hand he moistened it with spittle, rolling the mixture into a small ball. A minute later a tall, dark figure glided up the knoll and confronted the half-breed. Though the night was dark, the few stars above gave light sufficient for Overton to recognize in the Indian who stood before him the person whom he had sighted.

"You are welcome, chief," the half-breed said, using the Kiowa dialect. "I am glad to see you."

"My brother is late. Whirlwind has been waiting," coldly responded the red-man.

"That was not my fault. A dog was following my trail, and I had to stop his prowling. There is time enough. What I have to say will not take long."

"My ears are opened. Let Turn-over speak."

"Sit down and smoke. We are friends and brothers," said Overton, handing the example.

"Now listen. The Whirlwind is a great chief. When his voice is raised for war, the whole Kiowa nation paint their faces, and his enemies smooth their scalp-locks ready for his knife."

"Turn-over has a long tongue. He can sing as sweet as the mocking-bird. He talks; Whirlwind does."

Overton winced at the rude, insulting tone of the Kiowa. He knew that the chief despised him, for good reasons. There was no love lost between them, but the half-breed's present policy was one of conciliation, and he affected to receive the Indian's words as a compliment.

"The chief says well. Turn-over will show him that his arm is as long as his tongue when he wishes to serve a friend. Has Whirlwind found another white squaw to take the place of Gold Hair?"

"No; but the Mexican moon is near."

"There is a young white squaw still nearer. She is nice and fat, and lovely as the mountain partridge. Whirlwind will reach forth his hand and take her to his lodge."

"What bait must be put in Turn-over's hand?" shrewdly responded the chief.

"A scalp; nothing more. Listen. Many years ago a white brave lost his little papoose. I found her. Her father was rich. He gave me some money to restore his child. I told him he should have her. I told him she was far away, and that it would take me two days to bring her to meet him. He promised to bring me more money. You will come, too, with your braves. You will be hidden until the pale-face gives me the money. I will give him his daughter. Then you will come and take your squaw. Does Whirlwind see?"

"Yes. Whirlwind takes the squaw and the money."

"No; the squaw, but the money is mine. You will take the white head captive. You will carry them off and threaten him with the torture-stake. He is very rich, and will give you much money, guns, pistols, knives, horses and anything you ask. When you get these goods, you can let him go free, or else take his scalp, just as you choose."

"Whose is the scalp I am to give Turn-over?"

"You know the man they call the Chaparral Wolf? He will be with me. You must kill him. When I see his scalp, then will be paid for the white squaw. It is not much. He will not be thinking of danger. You can easily kill him."

"Turn-over is not a papoose. His hand is heavy enough to kill a wolf," grunted Whirlwind.

"I have my reasons. I give you a big price to take his scalp for me. If you will not do it, say so. Grizzly Paw is ready to do the job."

"Grizzly Paw is an old squaw! He would run from a prairie-dog. Whirlwind will kill the wolf."

"Good! Remember, then. Two nights from this at the Buffalo Run. You will be there before the sun sets. Hide, and wait. When I raise my hand, you will strike."

The two conspirators arose, and with a few words, separated. Colonel Overton stood still, peering for several minutes into the darkness where the Kiowa had vanished. Then he mounted his horse and turning his head toward San Marcos, rode leisurely away.

"If he plays his part well—and he will not fail, for he is crazy for another white squaw—if he does not fail me, I will soon be free from his tyranny. I will be welcome to the Kiowa lodges after this. Maybe I can play a double game there, too!"

Muttering to himself, giving hints of the complicated plots that seethed in his busy brain, Colonel Overton failed to notice the dark figure that crept in his path until too late to avert his doom. A rifle or pistol flashed before his eyes, and with a hollow groan he fell backward from the saddle. A dark figure sprang upon him and tore open his coat. It took a pocket-book and some papers, then darted away in the darkness like a startled hare.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 448.)

THEY were expressing surprise at the success of a politician who had been everything. "Oh, no wonder he gets rich," said a wise observer; "he has sold every one that bought him and saved the money."

"If it was not for the years couched upon his head," wrote the obituary writer; and then he got right up and howled when the typewriter rendered it. "If it were not for his ears, he could have stood upon his head."

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE;

OR,
THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.

BY A. P. MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF FRANZ EDOUN.

THE immense and wild concourse of thieves, having overcome and fairly annihilated the desperate crew led by Bramont, now pressed onward to the second scene of conflict, throwing themselves in a solid body before and around the Death-cart from which Xlmo, the Voodoo, was screaming her commands and flourishing her spiked mace.

"Forward!" she ordered, shrilly. "I see there Philip De Vin, who leads a rank of cavalry! Now then, at the cavalry—all!"

With loudly reverberating yells the mob-like mass rushed in, fraternizing with the detectives and throwing themselves, like an avalanche of a thousand furies, upon the entangled cavalry.

There was no longer order in the ranks, but one general hand-to-hand encounter, in which the mounted men were beset by a legion of dancing, darting devils whom they could not reach with their sabers, and who, with daggers, bludgeons and pistols, struck first upon one side and then upon another, regardless of the bones that were cracked between concussioning horses or the broken limbs given by prancing hoofs.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the luckless cavalry, who was furiously attacked by four of the thieves, while one of the detectives held the bride of the horse. "May Satan get hold of Colonel Philip De Vin, for leading us into this scrape! I did not come here to be massacred by a devilish rabble!—nor have I yet discovered what it is all about! Let me get out of this quickly!"

And seizing a favorable opportunity, he cut down one of his assailants, at the same time digging spurs into his horse, and the snorting beast leaped clear of its rider's foes, bearing him swiftly away.

This flight of horse and rider, which occurred just as De Vin was shot down by Franz Edoun, and the others observing the fall of their leader, produced an immediate panic. Such were able to extricate themselves gave their horses spur and rein, leaving their less fortunate comrades to a desperate fate.

It was in the moment of the precipitate retreat of the cavalry that the Voodoo drove up and witnessed the fall of Franz Edoun. She leaped from the cart and hastened to his side.

"Franz Edoun! Speak! Are you badly hurt?"

Fortunately for the young man, Philip De Vin's right hand and nerves, unsteadied by the presence of death, rendered his aim a random one, and the murderous pistol-ball had merely grazed the skin of his forehead, leaving him momentarily stunned him. Even as Xlmo spoke, Franz was rising slowly to his feet, dazed and bewildered by the concussion.

"Thank Heaven! I believe I am not badly wounded," he said, in reply to the anxious Voodoo.

"What of Osalind? Have you found her?"

"Ay—thank Heaven for that, too! But, had you not come to my assistance, I fear it would have gone hard with me against my two deadly foes. They are now dead and we need fear them no more."

"Curse them!" hissed the Voodoo, glancing at the two corpses on the pave. "I had hoped that mine would be the hand to slay Victor Bramont! Well, let it pass. We will see Osalind."

She rapped smartly on the door with her mace, and Helen Varcla, hearing the voice of Franz Edoun, promptly answered the summons.

"My darling Osalind!—my love!—it is over! And now I must tell you that this lady is your mother. There is a long story, but this is hardly a fitting time to tell it."

"She knows all," interrupted the actress. "While that terrible struggle progressed without, I have convinced her that in embracing me she is in the arms of the mother who has loved, longed, and sought for her during seventeen years."

"Dear Franz," said the maiden, pillowing her head upon the breast of her love, "I am satisfied that I have found my mother and that I shall love her dearly. With her and with you, my happiness should be complete. But, oh! tell me of my father! Have you seen him? Where is he? Can we not go to him at once?"

A grave silence followed this speech, and all looked at Franz Edoun, over whose face passed a shadow of pain.

"If your mother has told you all, has she not told you that Dorlan Ray is really your father, and that your father died in England, many years ago?" asked the Voodoo.

"Ah! true; she did. But Dorlan Ray was ever a father to me, kind and loving. How can I think of him otherwise? Tell me of him, dear Franz. My very heart is bleeding for him; I dare not imagine what may have been his fate, after he was dragged from me."

"My poor, suffering love," he answered, in a low voice choked with emotion, "let the fact that Dorlan Ray was not your true father help your strength over so little in hearing a sad piece of news which I consider it my duty to tell you even now. Can you be brave, my darling?"

"Speak, Franz," and her voice was weak and hushed as she uttered the words.

"Ay. But first I will speak at some other time. Dorlan Ray was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, by Philip De Vin—that monster in human garb—who used every artifice and threat to persuade his captive and victim into co-operating to make you his bride. Dorlan Ray last, when De Vin promised to have him shot at sunrise if he persisted in his refusals, professed consent to the arch-villain's plans. De Vin started for your house, to bring you and wed you in the prison cell as the price of the life of the man whom you believed to be your father."

"Oh, no! How can I think that?" sobbed Osalind, burying her face in her hands. "For though I would have willingly made any sacrifice to save such precious life, I cannot believe that he would have asked it of me. He was too brave, too good, too noble. Ah! I knew him well."

"Nay, you misjudge him. In his breast he carried a vial of poison, and when you had reached his arms, he would have asked you if you were ready to drink the poison with him and thus forever escape the persecution of all enemies."

"How gladly would I have done so, in such an alternative!" she wept.

"When De Vin had gone," continued the lover, "the guard at the door went into the cell. Ray knew the guard and the chain was a little daughter who lay sick and dying for want of proper medicines. Ray found her out, filled the sick-chamber with comforts and delicacies, cheered the despondent hearts of the parents and wove a happy feeling in the body and mind of the sufferer. The child recovered. In remembrance of this, the guard said to the despairing prisoner: 'Dorlan Ray, you saved the life of my child. I will aid you to escape, even though I forfeit my own existence, for I know that there is one very dear to you, who needs your presence and protection.' The chains were unlocked, and when they had exchanged a portion of clothing the artist stole cautiously away. He did not easily escape. Being discovered, he

was fired upon—and I must speak it, though it wrings my heart to do so—I held him in my arms when he died. With his last breath he told me that which I have told to you. I have taken pains to have it properly attended."

Osalind was weeping hysterically, and in her extreme grief could find no words for utterance as he finished the sad recital.

At that juncture the attention of all was attracted by an ominous murmuring without.

When the foregoing scene was taking place in the street, there were sudden and significant doings among the vast crowd in the street, not embracing the thieves or detectives, for the thieves, discovering the identity of the men with slouched hats and capes, were rapidly retreating in the direction of the "melancholy dais" and hiding-places, and the dangers of the recent combat being over, scores of people were boldly coming forward, eager to ascertain the cause of the fray. Among these latter were two men who stood apart and conversed earnestly.

There is Pierre Plaque and his outlandish cart!" exclaimed one.

"So it is. And scarce three days ago he hauled away a brother of mine, whom I have not seen since."

"I have almost a similar cause to hate the Death-driver, who has, no doubt, brought about all these dead bodies on the pave. Ha! as I live, there stands that witch, Xlmo, the Voodoo, in yonder doorway! I have a grudge against her for selling poison to my wife, which I intended to use against my stomach! Let us stab Pierre Plaque and his cart! Let us riot against this abominable Voodoo! Come!"

Pierre Plaque had remained seated upon his cart as motionless as a carved image. Not a finger or muscle moved. Suddenly he was jerked to the ground by the two men, and these men, uttering a cry, fled in the direction of the driver was dead and stiff. In the very center of his forehead was a hole where a stray bullet had pierced his brain.

Simultaneously with this act, there arose that ominous murmuring which attracted those in the crowd. For it seemed that others in the crowd had recognized the unpopular Voodoo, and the sound was caused by numerous mutterings against her.

Perceiving the absence of her late allies, the thieves, and realizing instantly the danger to herself and those with her, she cried out, quickly:

"Not a minute longer must we remain here! Come! Into the Death-cart—all! We shall be mobbed and killed directly!"

She sprang through the doorway, circling her spiked mace aloft, and Helen Varcla, though weak from loss of blood, followed bravely with the sword she had recovered from Franz Edoun.

The friends of Franz, happening to be near the door, promptly aided the two women, and endeavored further to keep off the tumultuous crowd after the lovers, the Voodoo and the actress were in the cart.

As they dashed off, Xlmo glanced back and ground out between her gritting teeth:

"Deserted and beset! Miserable fortune! Those bounds will be after us, presently! But we shall escape them, never fear!"

On this fairy tale, the cart was lightly built and the horse a powerful animal. They were soon beyond sight of the mob, but the Voodoo foresaw that the moment of a rise against her and her witchcraft was now at hand, and this moment she had better expediently expected of late, being prepared for it in a way we shall see, and knew that, having started in this manner, she would be pursued to her den.

"Let them come—the fools! Do they think that I will wait to be torn to pieces by them? I would rather, friends, for us to leave Paris! Fortunately, I have provided the means."

As they reached El Bibou a female figure joined them.

"Ah! it is my faithful Annette. Come with us, girl, and I shall be able to tell you the truth to the foresight of the Voodoo, far down Rue de Lafayette they could hear the approaching mob, infuriated and bent upon destroying the sorceress of El Bibou. Entering the ponderous gate, which was carefully and strongly locked after the storm, she led the way by a narrow path to a shed in the rear of the building. Beneath this shed was a furnace ready to light, a gasometer, and every known improved appliance for the quick generation of gas.

The Voodoo moved busily about. Soon the furnace glowed and a strange, hissing noise was heard, accompanied by a crackling and rustling like the unfolding of silk. Presently something at the far end and exterior of the shed swung into sight and appeared to rise slowly, like a huge mound, growing larger and larger.

As the mound grew, a brilliant light, in the direction of the singular spectacle, "Think you those coming bounds can catch us, unless they are provided with wings?"

"A balloon!" burst from the lips of all, as the monstrous thing rose higher and higher, expanding like a bubble in the gloom and light.

"Yes, a balloon, and a good one. For a month past I have expected the danger which now threatens me, though I had not foreseen that it would involve others. Every day it has been my custom to partially charge my mammoth balloon with fresh gas, so that when the moment arrived, very little more would suffice to inflate it."

"You must be in a hurry, then," warned Helen Varcla, perceiving at once the intention of the Voodoo, for in ten minutes the mob will be on your gate."

"And in less than fifteen minutes we will start. It is now high enough for you to enter the basket. Get in, all. I must leave you for a few seconds," and as they obeyed, and as Xlmo moved away toward the house, Helen Varcla said:

"This wound of mine, dear daughter, is but poorly bandaged. Will you not try to make it easier for me?"

By the time Osalind had finished remedying the misplaced bandage on the hand and arm of the actress, Xlmo rejected them. She carried a small, steel trunk containing the vast wealth of coin and jewels which had been accumulated during her career in Paris for so many years. On top of this trunk was perched the parrot, safely muzzled to prevent any outcry from its chattering tongue, and at her heels trotted the great black cat.

In a few minutes the howling mob arrived at the gate. Finding this fastened, the Death-cart was demolished and its various pieces used for battering rams and levers, while a hundred threats were shouting threats of vengeance upon the sorceress Voodoo.

It did not take long to force the gate; then over the pathway, in every direction, and into the owl house, poured and rushed pell-mell the angry riot, applying the torch to all things combustible as they sought for the object of their wrath.

At the moment the gate crashed inward, Xlmo sprang into the basket with the others and cut loose the fastenings. Up, up, soared the balloon, floating silently away through the aerial darkness, and the voyagers looked down upon doomed El Bibou which was soon a mass of roaring flames.

Though comparative peace soon after reigned in the French capital, the surviving characters of our story have never returned to their homes. Franz Edoun and his bride are living amid scenes of uninterrupted tranquillity, far from the vicinity of former trials, and Helen Varcla and the maid, Annette, are with them.

The Voodoo was soon lost sight of, starting for Australia shortly after the wedding of the couple, to whom she gave a portion of the questionably gotten wealth.

THE END.

We shall soon follow this deeply exciting romance with another from this graphic and popular author's pen. It is a story of intense power and thrilling interest—of Paris in the days of revolution, when the world was shocked with the dire tragedy of the Reign of Terror—sure to rivet the deepest attention.

Home Again.

MR. WILLIAM ADAMS, recently returned from a three months' trip in Great Britain and on the Continent, gives us his impressions of sea-life on board the steamship Anchoria:

It was truly a dull and cheerless morning without, which marked the termination of our visit at Creglorne, the view from our bay-window presenting a spectacle we had no desire to contemplate. Portentous clouds distilled showers over the valley, and the dismal-sounding wind whistled eddies of faded yellow leaves against our window-pane, reminding of the "melancholy dais."

The lark failed to make resonant the air with his morning song from an adjoining tree, and all nature seemed to have assumed a somber and unattractive aspect. Loch Foyle looked dark and gloomy, beneath a leaden, white-caps, the waves chasing each other and breaking upon the shore with unrelenting vigor. But the edict of "Old Probabilities" had been issued; his cabled predictions of the storm had marked the topic of conversation for two days previously; and the morning of our departure marked its advent on the Irish coast. The unpropitious state of the elements could not retard us from turning our face homeward; on the evening before, souvenirs of travel and mementoes from loved friends had been carefully packed; our alpine pole and chamais-foot cane, hickory stick from the field of Waterloo, with black thorn and olive-wood canes from Ireland and Scotland, were securely strapped together, and everything betokened readiness for our leaving-taking.

A hasty breakfast was soon dispatched, good-by salutations exchanged, *bon voyage* wishes extended, and a few moments later an Irish jaunting car trundled us over the Northland road and the Strand, to the wharf, where a tender was in waiting to convey passengers to the steamer. The storm broke pitilessly over our little skiff as we sailed down the Foyle, surrounded with exquisite views of tasty villas, well-cultivated farms, and hills crowned with foliage. Reaching the Point, four miles below Londonderry, where a light-house looms up, the machinery of our small steamer is stopped, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Campbell alighting on deck from a row-boat.

A few hours' sail places us alongside of the Anchoria, with anchor apeak in the channel, awaiting the arrival of mail and passengers from Londonderry. In another hour we were steaming out on the Atlantic, guided over the treacherous path by an efficient pilot, threading for miles the beautiful and romantic coast of Ireland, with its towering hills, rock-ribbed cliffs and precipitous promontories, interspersed with ruins and castles of centuries; inspiring the poet thus to sing of its charms:

"And glittering towers and lofty towers
All on this fairy tale are seen;
And waving trees and shady bowers,
With more than mortal verdure green.
As it moves, the western sky
Glow with a thousand varying rays;
And the calm sea tinged with each dye
Seems like a golden flood of blue."

As our ship advanced in the eye of the wind, the storm increased, and at a luncheon-hour many of our passengers had assumed a horizontal position in their state-rooms. The sky bounded us on every side, our ship the sole object on a vast basin of water many hundred fathoms in depth, rocking restlessly upon the billows of a boisterous ocean.

During the night the storm retreated from our path, and the morning sun shone from an unclouded sky in all its effulgence and brilliancy. The sea had become subdued, though still agitated from the effects of rough weather, not affecting materially, however, the motion of our stanch craft. Sea-sick passengers of the day previous put in an appearance again on deck; steamer chairs were sought out and unstrapped; sociability increased, and acquaintances with fellow-passengers acquired everywhere, being in the best of humor and best of spirits. State-rooms had turned out their occupants, most of the passengers resuming their places at the table during meal hours; the remainder, for various reasons, preferring to take meals on deck. At the hour of sunset, a lovely illumination could be observed on the surface of the ocean; the sails flapped lazily from the yard-arm, and the pervading stillness was only broken by the boatswain's whistle, or sailor's song in the fore-cabin.

A glorious sunset scene was expected, passengers crowding the promenade deck and starboard side of the vessel to witness it. We were not disappointed, beholding the orb of day descending and vanishing beneath the surface of the sea, amidst beauties of ocean and sky that could hardly be surpassed. Then followed a display of the most brilliant and every color and shade, as the lingering rays leaped to the hovering gossamer clouds.

"The sun went down in beauty, not a cloud darkened its radiance, yet there might be seen a few fantastic vapors scattered o'er the face of the blue heaven, soft and slight as the pure lawn that shrouds the maiden's breast; Some shone like silver, some did stream afar—Paint and dispersed—like the pale horse's mane."

The scene was both sublime and majestic. Extolling to a friend at our side the beauties of these fantastic-shaped clouds, others resembling banks of snow rising out of the bosom of the ocean. "It is a beautiful sight," was the reply, "but I don't fancy those feathery-shaped clouds—they are sure to predict a storm."

Awaiting on the following morning for a favorable opportunity to spring out of the upper berth we occupied, rather than suffer a possible contusion or fracture, we were reminded of the surmises of our friend. At about midnight the storm had struck our vessel on its fore-quarter, the wind increasing to a gale before morning, causing the ship to plunge and roll in the trough of the sea. At intervals during the night we were driven with such force against the low front board of our berth, that it was a question whether the next lurch of the steamer would not send us tumbling upon the floor. Valises and strapped bundles, boots and umbrellas chased each other across the connected limits of our state-room, presenting a confused scene to our gaze upon alighting. Then followed the difficulty of dressing; only those who have passed through a similar experience can form any idea of the discomforts and possible mishaps attendant upon such an undertaking. Though it was Sunday morning we were compelled to wear linen of previous day, rather than assume the risk of witnessing the contents of our sachel rolling over the floor. After frequent falls, and involuntarily dancing a jig around the room, we succeeded in making ourselves presentable, though untorsorial duties were omitted, lest more serious consequences should follow.

Passing out to the companionway, our body easily follows the tendencies of gravitation, and it is with difficulty we mount the stairs and go to our rooms. Retaining as nearly as possible a perpendicular attitude, we ascend to the promenade or hurricane-deck, and here behold a scene we had long desired to witness. There is something awfully grand and majestic in a storm at sea; for the time being you seem to lose all sense of danger and fear, so absorbed are you in wonder and admiration. From this elevated position it is a magnificent spectacle to witness our stanch steamer plow into billows of great height, receiving at the same time a shock from a sea on its port quarter-deck, causing her to tremble. Casting our eye from stern to stern, the ship looks like a thing enchanted of life, riding majestically through the foaming ocean. One moment rising gracefully on top of a wave, seemingly to pause and quiver as she looks toward that chasm into which she is to descend, emerging therefrom to clamber the side of another billow. Though vast waves encompass us like walls at times, and our noble ship would tremble as a sea broke over her deck, we were attracted and fascinated by the sublimity of the scene.

Descending into the companionway you pass a group of passengers in various postures, some of whose faces exhibit the early stages of seasickness. Both here and in the music-room, the

floor and settees are occupied by patients, stewards flitting among them with concoctions for their peculiar malady, bearing also plates of gruel, fruit or ship biscuit. Upward of fifty of our fellow-passengers would not dare venture out of their berths, absorbing the constant attention of stewards and stewardesses in supplying their wants. The remainder of our company, so fortunate as to be exempt from seasickness, exercised considerable skill in reaching their seats at the table in the saloon, and in adjusting matters to any degree of comfort and safety.

After a few days head winds retreated, the turbulent sea became quieted again, and with the advent of pleasant and sunny days, sick ones tottered out on deck, only to recline tucked away beneath wraps and robes on steamer chairs. With the lulling of the storm passed away the spirit of a child in the steerage, who but a few days before was glowing with health, innocence and joy. Hard indeed it was for that mother on the following day to commit to the cold bosom of the ocean her only child, of guileless beauty, whose winning ways and playful smiles had been the joy of her heart.

With the inauguration of pleasant days the perils and discomforts of sea life are forgotten in the invigorating air, and splendid scenes of the ocean. Under such influences the color will soon come back to the cheek of the invalid, whose pale and sallow countenance and unsteady step, tell of the struggle through which he has passed during the previous three or four days. Spaces for the shovelford are chalked out again on the starboard side, quitoes are renewed, familiar faces are seen once more on the promenade deck, and life on board ship resumes its customary channels. Shovelford being most popular pastime at sea, every ship being provided with it, we will subjoin a diagram of the game, which may prove of interest:

	10				
	ON.				
	1	8	6		
	3	5	7		
	4	9	2		
	10				
	OFF.				

Two or four persons can participate in this amusement, eight circular pieces of hard wood being used, eighteen inches in circumference. The space assigned for each figure covers dimensions of ten inches wide, by fourteen inches long. Players take position about twenty-five feet from the lower chalk line, propelling the circular pieces of wood by means of a pole seven feet long, at the lower end of which a grooved piece is attached. Each side plays alternately, the blocks of wood being designated either by a cross or circle, to discriminate the players. The object of the game is either to lodge your block on one of the figures of the diagram, or displace your opponent therefrom. Should your adversary lie on the lower square (10 off), your play should be to guard it, thus preventing your opponent from driving it off. Fifty is the usual number of points played in shovelford, always proving on shipboard an interesting pastime, and sometimes very close and exciting. Ladies can participate in the game as well as gentlemen, making it the more attractive on that account.

Striking the Banks of Newfoundland on the morning of our sixth day out, auspicious weather continued to favor us, with an atmosphere unusually clear for this latitude, and free from fog. Sailing-vessels could be detected from all quarters of the compass, creating excitement among our passengers, and becoming central objects of interest.

"Sparkling at once is every eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! our joyful cry."

Nearly all of these were engaged in fishing off the Banks, one bark approaching us close enough to exchange salutations, and wishing to give a supply of fish for tea or coffee. Porpoises and other huge fishes are discovered at this point, while flocks of gulls and "Mother Carey's Chickens" follow up and surround our steamer.

Saturday marked the ninth day out from Londonderry, our good ship making fourteen knots an hour, before

"A wind that followed fast,
Filling the white and rustling sail."

Everybody was in the best of spirits; all day long the jolly tars had been up in the masts and suspended from the yard-arms engaged in scraping the armishes wood, and putting our vessel in trim for entrance into port. Crystallized particles of salt covered nearly the entire front of the Anchoria's smoke-stack, caused by the effects of the three days' storm through which it had passed.

Evening came, with another brilliant sunset. Twilight marked the rising of the moon, shimmering rays lighting up the sea with lustrous brilliancy. Couples strolled back and forth on the promenade deck; others bent over the ship's guards admiring the scene displayed in sky and ocean of unsurpassed beauty; while here and there might be detected circles of tourists on the deck, or seated in steamer chairs, singing familiar ballads, Scotch airs, and jubilee songs.

In the smoking-room, quartettes who have daily participated in whist together during the voyage are engaged in the final series of games; while in the saloon, parties of Continental tourists over a bottle of wine and English supper review incidents of past three months' travel. By order of the captain, the lights of the ship are ordered not to be put out until midnight, at which hour nearly all of the passengers of our vessel had retired to their state-rooms, in dream of the joys of home, and early reunions with loved ones and friends.

Sabbath morning was ushered in bright and beautiful, with a soft and balmy atmosphere, our passengers putting in an appearance an hour earlier than usual, wreathed in smiles of joyful expectancy. Ship suits have been exchanged for broadcloth and silks; glossy ties take the place of steamer caps; while ladies promenaded the deck for the first time in dresses made at Paris, and fur sacques and cloaks, rather than pay custom-house duties on the same, which would otherwise have been exacted. At ten o'clock preparations go forward for morning services in the saloon; stewards flit around distributing Bibles and hymn-books, a pulpit is improvised, and half an hour later the tolling of the bell on the promenade deck calls to worshipers, to listen to a sermon from Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Nashville

THAT LITTLE BABY AROUND THE CORNER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I often look at people I meet
At home or abroad, church or on street,
And wonder what the world would be
Were they all little babes on their mother's knee.
Away from this world I'd want to speed
On a little baby's cradle bed.
The trouble is I have ears acute
And the air in this neighborhood's just to suit.
And the reason why I am a mourner
Is that little baby around the corner.

That baby I think is not very small
To judge by its voice which envelops it all;
I am sure that baby will never be sick
And wander away on consumption quick.
For it has the soundest lungs I know
Of any single baby here below.
I think it must have about a pair
Full of the most disturbing air;
I am sure that nothing could be fornicer
Than that little baby around the corner.

It seems to have been invented for noise
To make us appreciate other joys;
At night and morning I hear it squall
And wonder the nurse doesn't let it fall
And stop that cry that forever makes
I know it's a girl by the noise it makes
In the world that was made for little one's sakes,
And I indeed am a regular mourner
Of that little baby around the corner.

I imagine the nurse is a little hard
Of hearing and so has but little regard
Of all the volume of voluble sound
Which that little infant scatters around.
When I sit to think on my rival with tears
That shrill big squeal just pierces my ears,
And when I think of the bills I owe,
That squall doesn't seem to get very low;
And I cannot enjoy my pie like Jack Horner
For that little baby around the corner.

It may have tender and loving eyes
And cheeks that have the rosiest dye;
It may have a splendid little snub nose
And the teeniest, teeniest little toes,
But I know it has the widest mouth
That is found in the north or found in the south,
And for right and depth and breadth and length
It beats them all, and also in strength;
Of that voice I would not have had a horn-bet
That little baby around the corner.

It uses so very much air for its squall
That there is none in this section at all,
The atmosphere for days and weeks
She manufactures into shirrels,
And all the soothing-syrup in town
Would be powerless that tone to drown.
Oh, for a lodge in a cooped-up
Where a little silence would sometimes drop;
For I tell you indeed I am a mourner
Of that little baby around the corner.

Wild Western Tales.

STRAIGHT-EYE JIM DARTON, CUSTER'S DOUBLE. A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

OVER the great savannas of Northern Dakota, a furious snow-storm was blowing, whirling great eddies of feathery flakes through the air in almost blinding clouds. The air was growing keener each hour of the day, and apparently the winter was setting in in dead earnest. The ground was covered three inches deep with the bed of white, the running creeks of the savannas were filled with slush; even the trees that were scattered here and there were bending under their first wintry burdens. All game of the animal or fowl kind had flown to cover, except the little snow-bird, flocks of which were abroad.

A man crossing one of these far-reaching savannas, mounted upon a jaded horse, this wild dismal day of December, '77, was not favorably impressed with the gloomy aspect of the scene. He was riding in a southerly direction, which, in the course of time, should his horse hold out, would bring him into the Black Hills region.

But he had yet fully a hundred and fifty miles to ride ere he reached that country, and the prospects for his journey were not in the least encouraging. For he had been long enough upon the border to know that the storm, which was coming down so furiously against his right, now, was destined to last until the snow lay a foot or more deep upon the level; for in Dakota they never have storms by halves.

The lone horseman was a scout and Indian-fighter, widely known along the northern frontier as Jim Darton, or Straight-Eye. He had often made himself famous for fighting prowess and scouting ability during Indian campaigns, and was now returning from an expedition into the very northern part of the territory.

Of the snow he had no fear, for he knew that it could not become so deep but what he could get over it with snow-shoes, which he had among his baggage, even if he had to abandon his horse. But, it was a scarcity of food which caused uneasiness to assail him. Previous to the storm he had neglected to supply himself with a sufficient quantity for his journey, calculating to be able to procure fresh game along as he wanted it.

But the sudden outbursting of the storm had effectively scattered and driven off the game beyond his reach, and we find him crossing the plain with winter staring him in the face, and not a day's rations in his haversack.

A glance at Straight-Eye, by a person who had seen the late George A. Custer, previous to his untimely death, could not have failed to discover a great resemblance between the two, for the features, the eyes, the flowing hair and mustache, the erect bearing of the scout, were wonderfully alike to the same characteristics of General Custer.

Had the two men ever met, they could not have been astonished at the wonderful resemblance between them; and people who had known both, got to calling Straight-Eye, "Custer's Double," a name that clung to him, tenaciously.

With anxiety depicted upon his countenance, the scout kept his head moving along the range, the blinding, flurrying storm, as fast as the depth of the snow and nature of the pathless savanna would permit, while he kept his clear, strong eyes busy in watching about him, locating his route, and at the same time looking for game, should any stumble within sight and range.

But the day advanced swiftly, without any such a discovery, and as the night drew on, the gray pallor of the day grew into a darker flush, and the snow came down if anything faster than before.

This was disheartening to Custer's Double, and evidently even more so to his horse, which had traveled since daybreak through the footings of snow, and the very grain of the savanna.

But, when night's darkness had finally encompassed the earth, with only a grayish reflection of the snow rising up to guide the lone traveler, his quick eye detected a blacker line ahead through the darkness, and he knew that he was approaching a forest—one of those welcome oases that are dotted down in the monotonous plains, and known as *mottes*.

The discovery was joyful to the scout, for he knew he could soon obtain primitive shelter for himself and horse; and the faithful animal seemed to see the welcome line full as soon as the master, for it accelerated its gait into a sharp trot, and gave vent to a whinny.

Without thought of danger, Straight-Eye rode eagerly forward, and soon was in the dense *motte*, where no snow had penetrated to the earth—that is, of any amount.

Then it was that he recognized his rashness in not observing his customary caution and wariness, when, with fierce yells, a score of Sioux Indians leaped from the undergrowth toward him. But, he did the next best thing in his power—drew a revolver, and shot four of the red fiends

dead, before he was overpowered and made a prisoner by the great superiority of numbers. He was securely bound, hand and foot, and dragged further into the *motte*, and, to his surprise, into an Indian village of some eighteen or twenty lodges.

Here he expected to receive brutal treatment, if not death, at once, but was happily disappointed, for he was thrust into a strong lodge and left to himself, although he knew that there were one or more guards on the outside.

The best he could make of his situation was to lie still, and wait, and reflect. He had no doubts as to these savages being hostile, and if so, he was aware that his chances for life were slim.

But he resolved to let come what might, and watch for a chance to escape by some means. A man of steel nerve and ignorant of fear, Jim Darton never trembled at danger, nor be-moaned his fate.

Later in the evening a savage came in with blankets and materials for a fire, which he built. He then supplied Straight-Eye with some dried venison, and released his hands long enough for him to eat; then bound them again, and took his departure. For the remainder of the night Straight-Eye was left alone.

The snow continued to fall steadily during the night, although the wind somewhat abated. In the following forenoon Straight-Eye was taken from his lodge, out into the encampment, where several chiefs were sitting about a campfire, grimly smoking their long pipes. They viewed him a few moments in silence, and then waved their hands, and he was taken back and locked in the lodge. At noon a tall, brawny savage entered, and looking straight at the scout said:

"The white dog must die, for the Sioux have killed it so. At sunrise, to-morrow, he die at the stake!"

Then the warrior departed, and Darton was left to meditate upon his unpleasant situation. He was not visited again until darkness, when his supper and a tin lamp were brought him, and after eating he was left alone.

The night had advanced well toward a crisp, stinging day-dawn, and it was intensely dark out in the *motte*, when an Indian maiden glided into Darton's tent.



A glance showed her to be a maiden of eighteen summers, and the possessor of a beautifully-developed form, while her features and dusky eyes were really handsome.

As that voice, as despairing as his own, he noted, she came close, and a tin lamp were brought him, and after eating he was left alone. She was armed with belt weapons and rifle, of superior pattern and finish.

Straight-Eye's first thought was that she had come to kill him, but when she motioned him to be silent, he changed his mind. Coming close, and dropping on one knee before the golden-haired scout, she looked straight into his face, and spoke, in surprisingly good English:

"I am Neolia, the daughter of Big Ears, one of Sitting Bull's greatest warriors. You, white hunter, are Straight-Eye, the scout, whom my people hate as they hate the rattlesnake, and they have resolved to torture you, to-morrow. But Neolia has come, and she will tell her story, and then give you liberty to escape to your people."

"Once, but a few months ago, when the summer was near the autumn, Neolia was rescued from being killed by a couple of white scouts. It was upon the Rosebud, where Custer died. It was Custer, the brave general of the white army, who rescued Neolia, and she thanked him, and told him she loved him, and asked him for some favor that her hands might do. He laughed at the Indian girl, and patted her on the shoulder, and said:

"I don't have many favors I want granted, little girl, for the Lord fills up the gaps. But, there is a man somewhere in the West, who they say is the image of General George Custer, and I have heard that he is ever inch a man. His name is Straight-Eye, and he fights Sioux alone. Therefore, if you ever find this man a prisoner among your people, and you want to do me a favor, give him my liberty."

He then gave Neolia one of his golden curls, and rode away. Custer is dead, and in her heart Neolia mourns for him, and is sad when the snows of winter grow white and cold over his grave. But she remembers his words, and is come to set Straight-Eye free."

The golden-haired "double" of George A. Custer listened, and, strong man though he was, he could not repress the tears that rose into his eyes, as he thought of the noble-hearted general who met death so bravely and fearlessly in that disastrous Indian campaign of the Centennial year.

Without a word more, Neolia cut his bonds and motioned him to follow her through a slit she had cut in the back of the lodge. He arose, and did so, using the extreme caution she exercised. They gained the darkness of the wood without being detected by the guards, and soon came upon the banks of a little stream, where a canoe was beached. In it, Straight-Eye saw at a glance, were warm furs, and also provisions.

Custer's Double will go in that, the Indian girl said, pointing to the canoe. "It will take him to the white settlement, ten miles below!"

Then she turned, and was gone, ere the scout could express his thanks.

Thus it was that Custer's Double made his escape, and reached the settlement in safety.

And poor Custer—who can ever forget the noble hero of the Rosebud?

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

We lay them away—our beautiful dead,
Then take up life's duties again,
But God only knows how sadly the head
Aches, and the heart trembles with pain.
We smile, and endeavor to hide all our tears;
We crush down the torturing sighs;
Philosophy teaches and has taught for years
That to grieve for the lost is a sin!

'Tis easy to soften the adamant stone—
To battle with danger and death—
Beside the heart's effort to yield up its own,
Oh, say not 'tis easy to bid that heart sing,
When the notes are all strung to a moan;
Oh, bid the trump echo the battle-cry's ring
When the soldiers are nerveless as stone!

'Tis sacrilege thus to belie the heart's grief—
To wear a world mask when we feel
That tears are the portion to give us relief,
Not the cold, glistening armor of steel.
Ah, he who lives thus, sweet Heaven, oh, why,
Why tighten the strain on his heart,
Which is ready to break and its music to die;
Till the chords are all riven apart?

Thou art whispering now: "Like Me, ye may weep."
By Lazarus's grave. Call aloud!
Till your palsied trust kindles: then wake out of sleep.
Then march to your place in the crowd."
We lay them away—our beautiful dead;
Then take up our life again,
But Jesus knows well how sadly the head
Aches, and the heart throbs with pain.

Wrecked.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"JESSICA!"
The girl addressed scarcely turned her face from the deep-mullioned window where she stood looking out upon the tangled park; nor, in words, deigned to recognize the speaker. Only a slight movement of the slender figure, and an impatient upraising of the graceful

shoulders about which a blood-red silken scarf was twisted, betokened that she heard and intimated an insolent:

"Well!" repeated the vibrant, deep-toned voice, so sternly, so slowly, so horribly passionate, that Jessica Garside dared not disdain to notice it longer.

She came lazily forward into the room—a great, lofty apartment full of shadowy nooks and desolate, decaying grandeur, whose gloom she irradiated with the brilliancy of her piled-up yellow hair, her blooming face, her curling vivid lips, her witching, wine-brown eyes shaded by black fringes and arched by deep brows, and her blood-red bit of fiery twisted and knotted about her and tangled among her dainty idle fingers.

"Well! What will you have of me?" she questioned, petulantly, of the speaker, but without raising her conscious eyes from the silken fringes she was letting slip through her milk-white hands like blood pouring from an ivory chalice.

"Look at me, Jessica!" demanded her visitor. "I shall know if it be true when I see your eyes."

And then Jessica knew for a certainty that Eban Dorchester had heard of her betrothal to La Forest. But she raised her face defiantly toward the tall, dark, grave man, who confronted her with a deadly pallor spreading under his tawny skin and fiery glances burning down upon her, and asked, coldly:

"What is it concerning which you desire to hear the truth?"

The mocking eyes, the cold voice, the repellent, emotional face, had answered him.

"Nothing!" he muttered, so hoarsely, so fiercely, so bitterly, that the girl shrank back with a little gesture of alarm. And then the idolatrous love which Eban Dorchester felt for this fair woman suddenly revived, with throes of exquisite torture, from the death-blow the revelation of her perjury had seemed to deal it, and his momentarily benumbed physical senses returned. He threw open his strong arms and caught the girl in a mad embrace.

"Afraid of me! Afraid of me, Jessica! My God! that I should live to see my little love shrink from me in fear!" Then, as his prisoner struggled to free herself, he bound her closer to his breast, crying, "It was your fault, Jessica! I thought you meant to marry La Forest! But I am mistaken! I am mistaken! Tell me that I am mistaken, love!"

"I am to marry Mr. La Forest—I have told him that I would—so let me go!" exclaimed Jessica, ceasing to struggle against the iron fetters of his powerful arms.

"Let you go? Never! Do you think I will let him have you? Can I lose you? No! No! No! Oh, my God, no! Jessica, you will drive me mad! You do not mean it! You have promised yourself to me! You are my heavenly treasure! I adore you enough! You could not be unhappy with me, dear love!" he pleaded, desperately, interspersing his incoherent sentences with savage kisses. And it seemed that any woman beloved of this man must have melted into pitiful, passionate love under the torrid breath of such awful, utter devotion. But Jessica Garside answered, carelessly:

"Be happy, shut up with you in your miserable Hermitage, worse than this horrible old mansion, where I can have riches and station, and the gay world! Oh, indeed I cannot! My fortune has come to me, and I gladly accept it. I shall never come back here, either. There! That is all, now; so let me go, I tell you! I am afraid of you!"

And with she might have been of the desperate man who had held her in savage bondage, and poured upon her pearly face such mad caresses; but now he had released her, holding the slight, graceful form at arm's length, and addressed her in a monotonous whisper:

"Jessica, did you never love me, when you used to run and nestle into my arms, and stroke my face with those sweet hands, and picture the life we would have at the old Hermitage together?"

"I don't know," said Jessica, slowly, without looking into the strangely gleaming eyes and ghastly face above her. "I thought there was nothing for me to do but marry you when the time came for Dolores and I to be turned out of this old house; and so I tried to make the best of it. But, once for all, I'm sure that I do not love you now that I can be Mrs. La Forest."

And so Eban Dorchester, who in his solitary, studious life had never known an intense joy nor sorrow, love nor hate, until Jessica Garside, drifting across his path, learned that the one sublime glory of his existence, the one awful emotion of his soul was but an illusion woven by the deceitful eyes and fickle lips of a selfish, soulless girl. His vibrant voice rose again into a savage bass, his ghastly face was distorted with the agony of his passion's death-struggle, his woeful eyes gleamed desperately. With one strong hand he drew his love again to his breast. The other closed about the girl's white neck. Jessica looked up in deadly terror, but the shriek in which it would have vented itself died stifled in her throat.

"You never loved me, girl! I was your dupe, your fool, just because I was your necessity! But I loved you—I love you still. That yellow hair that has tangled itself in my beard! Those eyes that have smiled into mine! Those red lips that have drained at my heart! And I will not see you lift those lips, with their accursed witchery, to another man's mouth. Dead, you will be mine! Dead, these arms may claim you while one particle of this delicate form is still in existence! And so you shall die!"

He stooped to kiss her first, to snatch one more taste from those glowing lips, before the strong hand crushed out all life from the horrified, piteous eyes.

But, Dolores entered. With one quick, commanding word the pale woman rescued Jessica from her lover's mad clasp.

"Stop!" And Dorchester's hands dropped at the mandate of that voice, no doubt, but it was his own, before the sublime entreaty and agony of her haunting eyes. She pushed Jessica from them both.

"Go! I do not wonder that he hates you! I hate you, too! Go to La Forest and be happy, if you can! You have known, all the time that you were breaking this man's heart, that you were breaking mine as well. That I would have died to have won from him the smallest of love's favors, while you—with your false lips was enkindling in his soul a flame that could but consume it. I know that his heart and soul are dead, that he will never love me, but all the same I could not let him kill you. Go!"

And that night, since the year was almost ended during which the heart of this old estate would allow Jessica and Dolores Garside to remain under the sheltering roof where their uncle had brought them last, and where he had died, Jessica went with La Forest to the chaperonage of his stately, wealthy mother.

Is this true, Dolores? asked Eban Dorchester, as Jessica sped from the gloomy room.

"True." And I have no heart to give you, and my life is not worth your taking."

She silenced him with a gesture of her hand, that said as plainly as her lips could have done—that she knew that love was burned out of his heart forever, and she could take nothing less.

"And what shall you do?" The mocking eyes, the cold voice, the repellent, emotional face, had answered him.

"Go to town and connect myself with some sisterhood. And you?"

"I go straight to a doom that that girl has unfolded for me. Up to this in my life I have been master of a readily inherited appetite. I feel now that it is master of me. I shall dwell in the opium-eater's paradise and die the opium-eater's wretched death."

"Oh, my God! If I could save you!" Dolores cried, in agony.

"Ah, if you but could! It is a hopeless thought! Farewell, Dolores! After all, I am glad you did not let me kill her!"

Dorchester strode away, and behind him Dolores Garside lay faint upon the spot where he had stood while her sister had killed his soul.

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Dorchester strode away, and behind him Dolores Garside lay faint upon the spot where he had stood while her sister had killed his soul.

"Go to see Eban Dorchester die! Receive his forgiveness! How horrible! Rather he should ask for mine! No; I will not go!"

And yet she went. Some irresistible influence compelled Jessica La Forest to obey the summons of an unsigned note that had commanded her to repair to The Hermitage, immediately. She called her carriage, and ordered the driver to take her out to the countryside that she had never visited in the seven years since she had left it; and at the appointed hour found herself at the door of Dorchester's apartment. At the sound of her light knock, a tall, pale, stern-eyed woman, in the garb of a sacred order, appeared and silently led the way to the curtained couch where a man with livid, sunken cheeks, hollow, closed eyes, matted, unkempt hair and beard straggling darkly against the awful ashiness of his emaciated face, a repulsive wreck of humanity from which Mrs. La Forest started back in affright, lay dying.

"See!" said Dolores, sternly; "this is your work!"

Jessica shuddered, and drew further back.

"Is he dead?" she whispered.

"No! I am afraid he is too far gone to recognize you."

"No! No!" said a sepulchral voice from the bed. "I can come back from hell long enough

for that! Yes, hell, girl! Come here and see it! See those flames! You kindled them! I am always seeing your face there, all alight with a lurid glare! Ah, you shudder! That pleases me! Come here, fiend! Come nearer, I say! I can feel the fires withering my flesh and licking at my breath, and you shall not them, too! Ah! There is your face in them, again! Don't you see it yourself?"

He sunk back exhausted, and Jessica fell into a chair paralyzed with horror. But, presently, he spoke again, and the effort of his departing mind was a rational one.

"Jessica! Jessica! Has she gone, Dolores?"

"No, she is here!"

"Then tell her that her husband is dead—that having no children I am his next of kin—and that I have left it all to your order, Dolores. Where is she? I want to see how she takes this news—husband and property both gone."

But before his glaring eyes could look upon Jessica's affrighted face, he fell suddenly back—dead.

"Is it so, Dolores?" questioned Jessica, keeping her bloodless face averted from the horrible spectacle upon the bed.

"Yes; his lawyers telegraphed the news this morning, and will be awaiting you at home to break it to you, gently. Go, now, to your frivolous sorrow and your just punishment."

And as Jessica left The Hermitage, Dolores softly laid her cold white face upon the dead one that in its utmost ravages had been dear to her, and was thankful that the wrecked life had drifted into anchorage at last.

How the Colonel Won the Race.

"It's all very well for you Britishers to come out y'er to California and go ass'n' about the country tryin' to strike the trail of the mines you've salted down yer loose capital in," said the Colonel Jack-hill, a well-known character of the California town of Left Bower, setting his empty glass on the counter and wiping his forehead with a clean sleeve.

"But w'en it comes to hoss-racin', w'y I've got a cayuse ken lay over all the thur-breds yer little mantle-ornymint of a island ever panned out—yer bet yer britches I have! Talk about yer Durbin winners—w'y this pisen little beast o' mine 'll take the bit in her teeth and show 'em the way to the horizon like she was takin' her mornin' stroll and they was tryin' to keep an eye on her to see she didn't do herself an injury—that's what she woud! And she hain't never run a race with anything sayin' er'n an Injun in all her life; she's a green amateur—she is!"

"Oh, very well," said the Englishman, with a quiet smile; "it is easy enough to settle the matter. My animal is in tolerably good condition, and if yours is in town we can have the race to-morrow for any stake you like, up to a hundred ounces."

"That's jest the figger," said the colonel; "dot it down, barkester, but it's like settin' the innocents," he added, half-remorsefully, as he turned to leave; "it's bettin' on a dead sure thing—that's what it is! If my cayuse knew w'at I was about she'd go and break a leg to make the race even."

So it was arranged that the race was to come off at three o'clock the next day, on the alkali plain, some distance from town. As soon as the news got abroad the whole population of Left Bower and vicinity knocked off work and assembled in the evening to discuss it. The Englishman and his horse were general favorites, and aside from the unpopularity of the Colonel, nobody had ever seen his "cayuse."

Still the element of patriotism came in, making the betting nearly even. A race-course was marked off on the plain, and at the appointed hour every one was on the spot except the Colonel. It was arranged that each man should ride his own horse, and the Englishman, who had acquired something of the free-and-easy, hearty ways of the mining sharp, was already atop of his magnificent animal, with one leg thrown carelessly across the pommel of his Mexican saddle, as he puffed his cigar with calm confidence in the result of the race.

He was conscious, too, that he possessed the secret sympathy of all, even of those who had felt it their duty to be against him. The judge, with watch in hand, was growing impatient, when the